

Week ending June 26 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

22 John Bull
YOU AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.—page 7

THE NIGHT OF THE FLOOD

Story Special by DUDLEY BARKER

page 8



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The reliable High-Gloss Paint, indoors and out.

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To preserve the benefits under your policies you should continue the regular weekly or monthly payment of premiums. The policies you already have and new ones you take out will provide a convenient means of regular saving and of protecting your dependants. Your Agent is always ready to help and advise.

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A FOOD—BUT IT RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

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Kellogg's All-Bran—not a drug, not a medicine, but a delicious food—provides the missing "bulk." Try it tomorrow—with milk and sugar, stewed fruit, or another breakfast cereal.



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MACLEANS
Quick Lather
Shaving Cream



Stop the "Sugar-box" Boys

THIS WEEK, FOR THE FIRST TIME in five years, anyone can buy Utility furniture. Dockets are no longer needed. So low-priced practical furniture is at last available to everyone.

The nasty racket in expensive second-hand stuff therefore takes a shattering—and overdue—blow. It will not immediately be killed stone dead, because Utility furniture isn't everybody's choice. But blackmail of the public levied by owners of shabby prewar junk will no longer pay.

We have all seen suites of furniture, which cost £30 or £40 before the war, on offer in shop windows for £200 or more. And the need for furniture has become so desperate that auctions, which were once an economical source of bargains, have instead become gold mines for anyone with some odd pieces to discard.

The only sure way to bring those prices down was to release new furniture. We congratulate Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, on having done this.

There's just one warning we'd like to give him, though.

The furniture industry must not be allowed to use its new freedom to sell all it can make as an excuse for shoddy workmanship on rubbishy materials. The recent case of the "sugar-box" suite has turned the spotlight on a dim corner of the industry. Keep it lit up—and the sugar-box boys, together with the shopkeepers who passed their wares on to the unfortunate public, will never get a fresh start.

It is monstrous and unnecessary that craftsmen should waste time making "furniture" out of old boxes. There are better uses for the boxes!

So let the Board of Trade keep a tight watch on standards of workmanship and be ready to crack down on any firm which is proved guilty of marketing shoddy Utility stuff.

People who have waited for new furniture as long as we have will not pay for rubbish.

Towards a Brighter Britain

MOST OF THE MORE URGENT TASKS of rebuilding and repair are now finished, or in hand. Building materials are more plentiful than for a long time. There is no serious shortage of building labour.

But in many places, there are still acres of dull, drab, unpainted and war-battered buildings, an eyesore and an incentive to gloom. Seldom do we get cheer from brightly-painted, newly-repaired houses, shops, factories, public buildings. Yet there is every reason for keeping up appearances—the effect on morale alone would be worth the cost. Besides, paint is valuable as a preservative against rot and rust.

Why shouldn't a little more labour, materials and money be used in brightening our buildings and streets?

A start has been made. Some factories have already been overhauled inside. Government offices in Whitehall are gay with brightly-filled flower boxes in the windows.

There must be more of this. The Government can help by making it as easy as possible to get materials and labour for post-war renovations. Local authorities should

do all they can to clean up their public buildings, lamp posts, railings and other equipment. Repairs and decorations everywhere should be encouraged, in the national interest, both because of the impression it would make on our foreign tourists and because we ourselves deserve a "lift."

African Afterthought

FOOD MINISTER JOHN STRACHEY has come back from Africa with a report for his Cabinet colleagues on the great new scheme to help feed Europe by cultivating the wilderness of East and West Africa.

We shall all benefit, in time, from the work being done in the once Dark Continent.

But what of the people who are doing most of this work, under white direction?

The growth of a vast-scale scientific agriculture where once the lion and rhinoceros roamed will transform the future of millions of Negroes. And it is their country which we are changing for our own purposes.

Big principles are at stake. The day is past when Englishmen could afford to regard Negroes as so much cheap, docile, plentiful labour. Here is a race being hurried, to suit our convenience, from savagery into a modern mechanized civilization. The pace may be too swift for human nature.

Therefore, unless our statesmen show great wisdom in handling the African—and his white co-workers—we shall have serious trouble before long.

Today, most Africans are underfed and underhoused by our standards. They should share in the new wealth which is being created largely by their labour. Anything else would mean naked exploitation.

Morally we are bound to see that the Negro gets a fair deal; in practice, he will demand it, sooner or later.

Education, a higher living standard, and greater equalities with white men—these things *must* come to the African. It is best to plan them now.

Our Enemy the Beetle

THE MEN FROM THE MINISTRY of Agriculture are defending our island today against a new invasion threat.

The enemy is only a beetle—but a very dangerous one with numbers on its side. The Colorado beetle, if it once got into this country, could wreck our crops and impose potato rationing on us for evermore.

That is why the successful defence now being conducted against this beetle invasion deserves all praise and help from the public.

The insects could cross the Channel by boat or plane. They could come over on their own wings, with a favouring wind.

Consider the difficulties of detecting little beetles all over the broad acres of Britain. It means that every potato patch needs inspecting every day, lest a beetle colony gets started.

Well, that essential inspection is now being carried out. Farmers have been made to realize the menace, and when they find it they have only to telephone in order to get aid.

Everyone who has a garden or who walks in the country can help. Study the Colorado beetle posters outside police stations, keep your eyes open and report at once any of the insects you see.

Remember that the whole success of this fight depends on spotting these black-and-orange striped beetles.

New massage treatment gives you a lovelier complexion

THE modern way to care for your skin means using the Lux Toilet Soap massage technique of famous Hollywood and British stars.

Do start this simple beauty treatment: Whip up a generous Lux Toilet Soap lather. Now, with its creamy smoothness, gently massage your face and neck. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

After the very first treatment your skin appears lovelier. So start the massage technique film stars recommend as soon as you can get a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. After a fortnight see how smooth your skin is—how free from blemishes.



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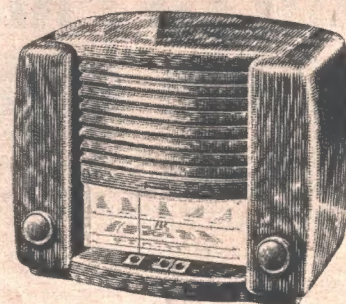
Then, you'll find, you've got a first-rate friend, brim-full of energy and high spirits. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets cost 8d. a packet and 1/8d. a large carton.



keep dogs fit

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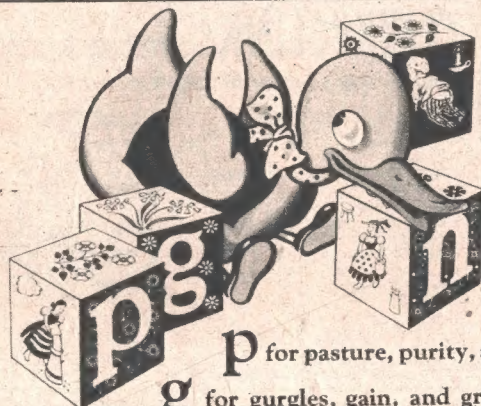
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p for pasture, purity, and perfection.
g for gurgles, gain, and growth. **n** for
Nestlé's Milk, with all its cream, specially prepared to
make it easily digested by the most delicate baby.



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CHANCE
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In packets of 10... 1/10
★ NEW SUPER ABSORBENT
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In rayon broche cloth with 14" knitted elastic side panels.
Sizes 24"-30" waist.

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AERTEX

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AGREES

Valerie Hobson

"Everyone tells me how glamorous my hair looks after a shampoo with Drene," says Valerie Hobson. And, you, too, will find Drene Shampoo makes your hair look more glamorous than ever before. Drene also leaves your hair easy to set, is simple to use and absolutely safe. It cannot harm the hair or scalp. Remember, Drene is most economical—goes twice as far.



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THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS



Valerie Hobson starring in "Blanche Fury"



With piercing blue eyes and a boxer's broken nose, Forrestal fills the bill—physically



TOUGH GUY BEHIND TRUMAN

NEW YORK.

ASK THE AVERAGE English man-in-the-street his opinion of James V. Forrestal, and he will reply—is justified in replying—quite unashamedly, that he doesn't know the gentleman from Adam.

Ask an M.P. or a newspaperman the same question, and he could answer vaguely that Forrestal is a member of Truman's Cabinet, possibly adding, "What of it?"

Only this: conditions have made Forrestal the most powerful man in the United States today. He is the key figure in the crisis between the U.S. and Russia.

Due to his influence on Truman, his force of personality, undoubted ability and his job as Secretary of Defence (head of the armed forces), Forrestal has climbed into a position where he can direct U.S. foreign policy from behind the scenes and, some might say, from its most cynical angle.

It was James V. Forrestal who caused Truman to reverse his position on the Palestine partition issue which so confused matters during the uncertain period before the British evacuation. Truman had been a disciple of Zionism, but Forrestal decided that friendship with the Arabs, who control strategic Middle Eastern oil, was more important than a home for the Jews—a point of view which shocked millions of non-Jewish Americans who had believed their Government championed the Palestine partition plan.

A financial manipulator for the bank-

He's an apostle of American private enterprise. He has no time for idealists. He's in charge of Defence and believes in facing the Russian strong arm with an American strong arm. He's a power behind the President

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

ing investment firm of Dillon, Read and Co. before he entered Government service, Forrestal has a tendency to handle world affairs in the tough, commanding manner in which things are done in Wall Street.

He regards idealism, unsupported by physical strength, as sentimentality. His background and training in big business jungle warfare causes him to put his faith in raw national power and individual action rather than in the concept of collective security.

This doesn't mean that he looks upon war as a cure for anything. He is not a warmonger, and he doesn't want war.

But if you ask why there is a war scare in the world today, the answer is this: Forrestal's experience lies in pressure and power. Who is he dealing with? Russia—whose only experience is also in pressure and power.

The Russian Communist and the American capitalist, so far apart on the question of economics, are so close

together in their thinking on the realities and tactics of power that the business has resolved itself into a world crisis. Neither side is capable of sitting down to discuss a world-wide agreement in which each side makes a major concession in the interests of peace and security for all.

Britain finds herself caught in the middle of the squeeze play and referred to as our "aircraft carrier" by irresponsible war-minded Russophobes in the lounge bars.

Not many months ago Americans were as vague about Forrestal's rôle in world affairs as the British are today. Then the papers began to flash such headlines as "Forrestal in the Saddle of U.S. Foreign Policy."

James Forrestal is a man who prefers anonymity. Once asked what was his hobby, he replied, "Obscurity." He is one of the few important men who refused to supply information about himself for the 1941 edition of *Who's Who*.

When Truman appointed him Secre-

tary of Defence in September, 1947, the gesture served to heighten rather than relieve the war tension. Truman couldn't wait to get back to Washington before spreading the news. The order was teletyped from his yacht off the coast of Florida as he speeded back from his curtailed vacation.

Forrestal's Wall Street background, his anti-labour and all-round reactionary bias made his appointment look pretty sinister to the more forward-looking Americans. But from one point of view it was perfect type-casting: with piercing blue eyes, a ferocious jaw and a boxer's broken nose, Forrestal physically fills the bill.

Labour leaders view him with suspicion, and the feeling is reciprocal. It was reported that Forrestal urged Truman to sign, not veto, the Taft-Hartley Act to curb the power of labour.

There is a good story about the occasion when he had to testify before a Congressional Committee on the Navy's handling of leased oil lands. After he had stepped down from the witness stand, a New Deal Congressman is supposed to have commented: "Well, now that you've testified for Standard Oil, who is going to testify for the people?"

Forrestal is a wonderful example of America's peculiar brand of mixed-upness. As a rabid exponent of free enterprise, he is anti-New Deal. Yet Roosevelt appointed him in 1940 to an administrative position in the New Deal Government.

This might seem as bizarre as having an anarchist in the House of Lords, but it can be explained. Roosevelt sensed



Backed by generals, Forrestal sits quietly confident at meeting of Armed Services Committee. At first War Council meeting he angered Eisenhower

that the war was coming, and wanted, above all, unity in the country. Giving a Government appointment to a Wall Street financier did a great deal to win over the support of big business.

And Forrestal really meant big business. As vice-president of Dillon, Read and Company he was making \$180,000 a year. He accepted a cut to \$10,000 a year to do his bit in the war, and there is no doubt he helped to win it. He raised hell to get production to a high level: although a political reactionary himself, he overcame the medieval tendencies of admirals and generals.

It was largely Forrestal's hell-raising which lifted the 1944 production level of landing craft to 107 a day, and which enabled S.H.A.E.F. to set a date for the Normandy invasion.

But he never concealed his distaste for his boss's idealism. He was a critic of almost everything Roosevelt held dear. He once said that the Government controls over Wall Street were something akin to Soviet collectivism. He made no bones about his antipathy for Roosevelt's henchman, Leon Henderson, of O.P.A. And Henry Wallace, at that time Secretary of Commerce, especially infuriated him. "When Henry looks at me with that global stare I really get frightened," he said.

Always Suspicious of Russia

He was suspicious of the Russians even when the official Washington line was to term them the greatest democrats alive. He argued against Roosevelt's giving the Russians unlimited priority in their requests for war materials.

But Forrestal never got fired. In fact he got promoted to Secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt was able to keep him under control. He made valuable use of Forrestal's administrative genius and shut out any unacceptable criticism by saying: "Oh, Vince, you're just a businessman."

Then Roosevelt died.

In the vacuum that was suddenly created stood a smiling little man in a blue serge suit, Truman. Overnight, strong men like Forrestal became powerful as a schoolroom of boys with a nervous teacher. Truman couldn't keep them in line.

With Forrestal it was a case of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." He had

been invited to Washington as "an anonymous assistant" in Roosevelt's time, and, when the President died, stayed on to dominate the family.

Forrestal is not a dictator of policy, he just happens to be the most forceful of Truman's advisers. Strictly speaking, the word adviser should read "manipulator."

Pushed into the Presidency

It must be said of Truman that he never desired the job which Roosevelt's death pushed him into. So that, despite what one interprets as his mistakes, it is difficult to dislike him—except when he chooses to imagine himself as a man rising boldly to a great national crisis. For this is a distorted image: he rises only to the ideas and programmes mapped out by the tough men like Forrestal.

After Germany was beaten, Forrestal chose to stay on in Washington, as he believed that Russia would continue to threaten the peace. From a neutral observer's position this might appear a dubious question. Sometimes it seems that Russia behaves like an aggressive imperialist. Sometimes that America is concocting a war scare with no justification. The truth probably lies somewhere in the middle.

But whatever the true nature of the situation, it is certainly a little dangerous to have someone in the saddle so easily irked by the concept of Communism.

Undoubtedly the reason why Forrestal feels this way is because everything that has happened to him, and everything that has made him important in private business, is due to personal resourcefulness in the free-enterprise system. He can, in fact, point to himself as a shining example of what the free-enterprise system can make of a man.

Son of a poor Irish immigrant, Forrestal worked on a newspaper to raise enough money to put himself through university. He never graduated. His money gave out. After brief jobs in the purchasing departments of a zinc company and as a tobacco salesman, he moved over to Wall Street, as a salesman.

He joined the Navy as a seaman in 1917, but spent most of the war years learning how to fly. In 1919 he rejoined his old Wall Street firm, which, in a later

merger, became the gargantuan Dillon, Read and Company.

By 1937, at the age of forty-four, the poor immigrant's son was president of the company. He assisted in one of the largest financial transactions of all times by acquiring the Dodge Bros. car business for his company—and reselling it to the public in the form of securities for \$150,000,000. In 1929 his stock transactions had netted him \$864,000.

The stock market was under fire at that time for shady practices. When Forrestal was called to explain to the Government how he was able to make all this money, he revealed that he avoided paying taxes on these stock market profits by forming a chain of holding companies that stretched over into Canada. It was quite legal.

Gets What He Wants

Forrestal's whole outlook—his aggressive belief in free enterprise and his contempt for New Deal economic policy—was conditioned by this sort of experience. When the New Deal was strong he was a misfit in Washington. Now that it is weak, or rather destroyed by a reactionary Republican Congress, he is operating in an element he understands. Unlike Truman, he is a man who knows what he wants and how to get it.

Uncompromising? Aggressive? Five days after his promotion to Secretary of Defence, he assembled his subordinates of the Army, Navy and Air Force for their first session of the War Council with these words: "I expect all of you gentlemen to attend every meeting of this body." Secretary Sullivan, of the Navy, nodded assent, as did Secretaries Symington, of the Air Force, and Royall, of the Army. So also did Fleet Admiral Nimitz, and General Carl Spaatz, of the Air Force.

But Chief of Staff Eisenhower didn't. "I assume that if we're out of town we can send our deputies?"

"I expect all of you gentlemen to attend every meeting of this body," Forrestal replied.

"I had to break a very important engagement to get here this morning," protested Eisenhower.

"That's what I mean," replied Forrestal, with insolent patience. "I expect all you gentlemen to attend every meeting of this body."

Eisenhower didn't press the point further.

Forrestal guides foreign policy through the instrument of an agency called the National Security Council which operates in secret and is far beyond the

reach of most citizens. Since it meets without publicity, the American people are unable to challenge its thinking directly.

The purpose of forming the National Security Council was to adjust the armed strength of the country to foreign policy needs. The State Department (Foreign Office) has the lone civilian voice of the National Security Council, which nominally is attached to the White House. Military representatives dominate its membership.

Unless the Secretary of State vetoes every proposal, he cannot stand up against the united military front. Secretary Marshall, current Secretary of State, didn't want to change the Palestine policy, but it was changed.

The harm this reverse did to the United Nations' reputation before the Palestine situation got even more tangled and dangerous was visible to anyone who went out to Lake Success—and even to the millions who sit at home, praying for stability.

Forrestal is underplaying the rôle of collective security, and giving top voice for military spokesmen in reaching decisions on U.S. participation in affairs abroad.

When progressive Americans speak bitterly of the financial and military clique in Washington, they are referring to Forrestal and his generals.

Lip Service to U.N.O.

Forrestal is well aware of America as one of the big power centres of the world. Fear of the other big power centre, Russia, is emphasized by the fact that Russia's anti-capitalism is an ever haunting threat. Of disarmament, Forrestal has said:

"Armaments cannot be made the whipping boy for man's inability to live at peace with his kind. We must face this issue squarely and put the responsibility for war where it inescapably belongs: on man's inability thus far to settle the differences between nations without resort to force."

No one, of course, can come out bluntly against the United Nations. But Forrestal reveals his attitude towards it in a pious statement like this:

"American policy today is directed toward the development of the United Nations as the international instrument, through which world order and peace will be secured." To which he added: "The United Nations, however, is still young."

Many Americans feel that with Forrestal in power it will never grow up.

Island Story

"MUMMY," SAID MY friend's ten-year-old little girl, "how does Princess Elizabeth know she's going to have a baby?" Before my friend could reply her youngest daughter, aged five, piped up scornfully, "Well, she can read, can't she? It's been in all the papers."—Mrs. E. M. Darlston, 8 Frier Road, Birchfield, Birmingham, 6.

★
OUR GROCERY STORE had a new assistant. Asked for a packet of dog biscuits, he handed them over, inquiring hesitantly: "Let's see, how many points are these?"

"Points!" retorted the indignant customer. "Don't tell me I'll have to get the dog a ration book now!"—H. Roberts, 63 The Up-lands, Biddulph, Stoke-on-Trent.

★
THEY TAKE THEIR cricket seriously in Sheffield. It was cricket all the way with my partner on the seat of

the evening bus and I wondered if I should change the subject.

"Do you think they ought to bring hanging back?" I asked.

"Aye," said the enthusiast.

"Hutton got his cricket things pinched today."—Inman Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield 5.

★
LEAVING THE RAILWAY station behind I saw two soldiers carrying duffle bags, I had to pull up short when one of them threw down his bag to fling out both arms as if to get an armful of Manchester fog.

"By gum!" he said to his pal. "This is weather as is weather. They can keep all their ruddy blue skies!"

—Mrs. Lilian Guthrie, 324A Manchester Road, Walkden, Manchester.

★
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YOU and the Health Service

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

No more doctors' bills, a free service for every man, woman and child in the land. That's the plan: it presents both a challenge and an opportunity

THE APPOINTED DAY for the start of the National Health Service is July 5. There will be less disappointment about the service if a clear distinction is drawn between what is possible, and what will therefore happen, and what is promised and should happen in the future.

What advantages will the ordinary family have after July 5 that they did not enjoy before?

In the first place you need never have another doctor's bill. There are twenty million panel patients who, as insured workers, have had the services of a family doctor free of charge. After July 5, every man, woman and child in the country without exception will be entitled to the same family doctor service. All can use the service, though, if anyone wants to make private arrangements, he is free to do so.

You are free to choose your doctor. You will be able to change your general practitioner whenever you wish, and not just at the end of each quarter, as under the panel scheme.

If your doctor thinks you should see a specialist or be admitted to hospital, then that all comes in as part of the Health Service. There is no question of your needing any insurance qualification or having to pay anything. And you can travel to hospital in a State ambulance. In future all ambulance services, including air ambulances, will be provided free of charge by the local authorities.

Entitled to Specialists

All the voluntary and municipal hospitals will be transferred to the State on July 5 except for some two hundred which are administered by religious bodies, trade unions and so forth. Everyone will be entitled to free hospital treatment and free specialist services.

Dental treatment, too, is free if it is necessary. If you need a dental plate, that will be free. Replacements follow very much the rules laid down in the Services. You get a first dental plate free. If its breakage or loss is due to your own carelessness, you will have to pay for the repair or replacement.

The Treasury will thus have to meet about four million dentists' bills every

year. It will also be paying for three million pairs of spectacles annually, since eye testing and the provision of necessary spectacles are free. There will be a reasonable range of spectacle frames to choose from.

The much publicised deaf aids will be issued free and there will be no charge for their maintenance and the supply of batteries. The same rules govern bath-chairs, artificial legs, trusses, surgical corsets and so on.

Convalescence for hospital patients will be arranged under the Health Service scheme and a more general after-care service will be provided by the local health authorities. For example, there should be home helps for cases of illness or maternity with a charge adjusted to the family's income.

All these many services will start on July 5—and so will the difficulties. The medical services of this country are like everything else—short of men, women and materials.

There are not nearly enough dentists to work the service. Already priority lists have had to be laid down. Expectant and nursing mothers and young children will be able to take immediate advantage of it. Healthy young males who need a few fillings will have to wait.

There are not enough doctors, either. Some people seem to be under the impression that the Health Service will hold out the prospect of anaesthetics for every mother during childbirth. This is nonsense, for there are not enough anaesthetists even for half the women in labour.

We need nurses even more than doctors. At the end of last year there were 61,146 hospital beds vacant, though badly needed, because there was no staff to look after them. At the moment there are about 85,000 trained nurses in the country—and we need 125,000.

Changes in Midwifery

It is known that over 8,000 patients with tuberculosis are waiting to get into sanatoria. It is also known that over 4,000 beds in sanatoria and similar institutions are out of commission. They will continue to be, after July 5, until many more nurses can be recruited and trained.

No great changes are likely in district nursing, but the Health Act may give progressive local authorities a chance to separate more completely the home nursing and the midwifery, which are

often done by the same nurse. Such doubling of duties carries a great risk to the health of the mother. Here, too, however, the problem is not likely to be solved until many more nurses are available.

When a national health service was first discussed one of the ideas that both doctors and patients found attractive was that of the health centre.

There may be ten single-handed doctors serving a town of 25,000 inhabitants. Each has his own surgery. And each needs a secretary-receptionist, a nurse and a dispenser. Few can afford all three.

So the doctor's wife helps with the books and the secretarial side in the intervals of running her home and looking after her children. Every doctor has to spend a lot of time doing for his patients jobs that ought really to be done by six different people. This is wasteful and bad. Ten doctors working in two health centres could give more attention to their patients far more economically.

Health Centres Everywhere

The Health Act promised health centres everywhere, with considerable advantages for both doctors and patients. Already several health authorities have schemes for suitably improvising existing buildings. Birmingham is going ahead with a prefab health centre made of reinforced precast concrete. London is to build one model health centre and adapt buildings in other areas.

In all, London will ultimately have nine main divisions covering 165 health service areas. Each area will contain about 20,000 people and have its own health centre, so that for every Londoner the nearest health centre ought to be at most no more than a mile away.

But this is looking far ahead. The immediate plan for London is that each of eight divisions will have some building adapted to serve as a health centre.

Of the London suburbs, Stoke Newington is to have a new comprehensive health centre specially designed and built on the Woodberry Down estate. There will be suites for six doctors and two dentists, antenatal, postnatal and child welfare clinics, a school treatment centre and a foot clinic.

It will be an experimental forerunner of the all-in-one facilities that should be available everywhere when the National

Health Service gets into its stride. Medical care will cover the whole field from before birth to old age.

A day and night service is visualized, with all telephone calls dealt with by trained telephonists. Instead of every doctor being liable to night calls all the time, one doctor will do all the night work for, say, a week, and then be able to sleep at night for the next five weeks.

Meanwhile the family doctor service will continue to be run from the familiar surgeries—and doctors and their wives can rely on having more work to do than ever! Doctors' bills had one lop-sided advantage—people thought twice before they called a doctor. After July 5 this pause for thought will disappear and doctors will almost certainly become even more overworked than at present.

So far, then, the National Health Service is a gigantic blueprint with many of the details sketched in vaguely. It presents a challenge and an opportunity.

Hospitals should be better administered regionally than has been possible in the past. We have some of the finest hospitals in the world. It should be possible to mould them into the best hospital service in the world.

Doctor and Patient

Another big question: will relations between doctors and patients be the same as before? They should be. Most of the long-drawn-out battle between the Ministry and the British Medical Association revolved round this point. To many medical men the original scheme looked like making doctors civil servants.

The doctor's loyalty, it was held, would be to the State and not to you—the individual patient. Certificates and paper work would multiply. Unorthodox treatment would be frowned on. Standard treatments and prescriptions would be laid down, with precise rules about how long off work for what illnesses—and not a day longer without explanations in triplicate from patient and doctor.

Now the position is well safeguarded. Given flexible administration and the minimum of bureaucracy and centralization in the new Health Service, the blueprint should turn into the finest health service in the world.

Meanwhile there are advantages for you and your family immediately—and always remember that there should be many more in the years ahead.



Mother and child interviewed at Peckham Health Centre, London. Similar centres are promised all over country

★ JOHN BULL STORY SPECIAL

The Night of THE FLOOD

by DUDLEY BARKER

NED PUT HIS heavy shoulder to the door and heaved it shut against the gale. It was quiet then inside the little house, though the monsters of wind and rain still howled outside at the walls. He was grateful for the familiar reassurance of the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, the fire-glow on the table-legs, the worn armchair.

The inner door opened and Mrs. Dunn came out in a shaft of lamplight from the room beyond. "Is it all right?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Phone lines down, and the river's up over the road round Marsham Fen. There's no way in nor out."

"Then we'll not get doctor tonight?"

"No, missus."

"Couldn't you cross in a boat?"

He shook his head. "There's nothing would live in this gale."

Though her back was towards the light he saw the look of apprehension flicker across her face. But only for a moment. Then she forced a smile at him. "Don't you worry, Mr. Lyng. We'll manage," she said.

His respect leaped for the little town-bred woman and he remembered with shame the contempt with which she and her man had been treated since they came to take a smallholding in the fen. Strangers they were thought, pushing city folk—intruders on these rich fields between the river banks, cut with dykes and edged with willows. Yet it was this Mrs. Dunn who had dropped everything and come through the gale to his wife. "We'll manage," she had said, cheerful, self-assured. "I've had three myself, so I know all about it."

He looked past her into the inner room where the lamp shone on to his young wife's face pressed against the pillow. "How is she?"

"Oh, she's fine. It'll be a long time yet—probably not till morning, and we'll have doctor here by then."

He asked awkwardly if she were in much pain, and the woman laughed and said men knew nothing of these things. There was a little moan from the inside room. Mrs. Dunn smiled at him again and went inside, shutting the door.

Ned stood irresolute, gazing at the mud from his boots on the woolly hearth-rug, the water dripping from his sodden

mackintosh. He stood awhile like that, as sometimes he would stand staring at the soil of his fields, his thoughts turning slowly. What roused him now was the sound of someone outside the house.

He went to the front door, taking the force of it once more against his shoulder as the gale howled into the room. Old Rudge stood out there in the turbulent darkness, and would not come in, but beckoned Ned to join him and shut the door. When they were face to face in the porch they had almost to shout to make each other hear.

"How's missus?"

"We can't get doctor. Mrs. Dunn's with her."

The other nodded and was silent for a moment. Then, "Barrier bank's breaching. We're staunching her best we can, but she may go any time. I'm warning all the folk to get ready to go. Could you move Edie?"

Ned made no reply. What was there to say? The long, green barrier bank, rising twenty feet above the level of the fen, was the only protection from the flooded river. If that went, the whole fen went. The flood would come raging down, thousands of tons of water, inundating the small houses and turning all those fields into a lake.

"I'll come," he said.

"But what about the wife?"

"She can't be moved tonight. I'll come."

"It's a quarter-mile past Cubit drain, near the pumping station."

HE FORCED his way back into the house and knocked on the inner door for Mrs. Dunn, telling her shortly that the barrier bank was in danger and the whole fen threatened by flood; he was off to join the other men on the bank.

"People are getting out of their houses," he added. "What about yours? Your man'll be up on the bank."

"Do you think I'd be leaving your wife now? What's a few sticks and a couple of hens?"

He wanted to say something in gratitude, but knew not what to say. Once he was outside, the gale gripped him again. He wrenched open the door of the shed and got out his bicycle. There was no difficulty then in moving, for the storm was behind him, rushing all round and about him, roaring gustily.

It was like riding on the tempest. The

Only once before in his lifetime had the barrier bank been breached. The horror of the thundering water was still vivid in his memory

roadside trees clashed their branches overhead, tossing and twisting as though pursuing him. The rain came in great squalls, seemingly not falling, but squirting at his back as if from some giant hosepipe.

Here and there at his neighbours' farmsteads, lanterns were flickering as the women chased and captured the startled hens, or pulled out a squealing pig to lash to the back of a wagon. Once a maddened horse, loosed by some farmer to save itself should the flood come, went clattering wildly across the road in front of him, scrambling over the ditch and vanishing into a dark field.

These evidences of people preparing to flee from the flood gripped coldly at his brain. He knew too well what would happen if the barrier bank were breached.

ONLY ONCE before in his lifetime had it been broken, when he was a lad, but the memory was vivid. The flood, released from a height of twenty feet above the fen, came thundering and roaring through with the strength of a full tide racing over level sands. Trees that had stood for a century were uprooted like weeds and flung a mile away. Houses were crushed and battered, great holes torn in their walls. Fences and gates and outhouses were smashed and tossed about with a grim playfulness. And Edie could not be moved that night—he put the thought from him.

In one place water from a flooded dyke was washing across the road; he splashed madly through it, twisting his wheel from a hidden rut. Here and there the way was partly blocked by branches torn from the tormented trees. Once a bough the size of a young tree crashed on to the road a couple of yards in front of him; as he braked to avoid it he skidded and fell, jarring his left elbow with a numb pain that travelled up to his shoulder.

At last he came to the humpy bridge over which the road crossed Cubit drain. A slippery footpath branched away there at right-angles to the road, following the course of the drain as it made towards the sluice gates into the river. There could be no riding now. Even walking was a problem, encumbered by the bicycle which the gale pressed against his body. He blessed the electric lamp that projected its feeble ray a few feet ahead. Paraffin would have blown out long since, and else it was pitchy darkness.

He could no longer gauge the speed at which he was moving. It was only the sudden drop in the force of the gale which pulled him up short. He raised his head. The ray from the bicycle lamp shone white against a solid wall of

darkness across his path—the barrier bank.

Ned let his gaze wander up it; he could not see the top. Even in that tumultuous gale it was reassuringly strong and firm. From its foot on the fen where he stood it rose, he knew, twenty feet into the night, and almost as thick at the base as it was tall. The barrier bank that penned in the angry river and held back the flood from the fen—strong, comforting as the fensmen had always known it, just as it had been built three centuries before by the old Dutch engineer, Vermuyden.

He turned his handlebars so that the gleam from the lamp picked out the sluice through which Cubit drain pierced the bank to get to the river. The wooden gates were shut, of course, but the baulk of timber across the top was still just clear of water. He edged his way across it, holding his bicycle out from his body with his right arm; the other still ached from his fall.

Once over, he was on the footpath that ran along the foot of the bank. Here he could ride again for, though all was slippery mud, the bank itself was protection from the gale. In a few minutes he passed the little brick pumping station, startled to find its familiar throb was silent; that could mean only that the water was up over the engine. He rode on with foreboding. Suddenly he realized that on top of the tumult of the gale another noise was imposed; realized that he had been hearing it for some time without thinking of it. But now it could not be ignored. It was the roar, ever louder and more menacing, of water rushing down a fall.

AND THEN he braked and skidded, and came off again with a splash. He was into the water. This was no flood from the dykes of the fen. This was river water, pouring over the barrier bank, spreading gradually as yet and slowly, but with a threat. This was the start of a flood.

He took the lamp off and put it in his pocket, then pitched his bicycle as far up the bank as he could, scrambling up after it. This was not easy. The bank-side was steeply pitched, the grass slippery and so loosened at the roots that tufts of it came away in his grasp. At those moments he flattened himself against the slope, clinging, as it were, with his whole body while he grasped for another hold.

But this was as nothing to the moment when he raised his head above the top. The gale was blowing straight at the bank, reaching now and then gusts of ninety miles an hour. His face took, in

that first moment, not only the strength of the wind, but a wave of water whipped from the surface of the flood beyond. He ducked hastily beneath the shelter of the bank and crouched there, recovering.

Then he remembered the light railway track that had been run along the bank during the summer to bring materials for repair work. Cautiously he twisted his body sideways and edged his left arm over the top. Not till he had taken hold of the metal rail and tugged upon it did he remember his damaged elbow. A pain like ice paralysed his arm to the shoulder, but he held on, reached for a grip with his other hand, and hauled himself up over the edge, pressing flat against the top of the bank.

As for a while the wind quietened he gazed out at the other side. In summer he would have seen, about a mile away, the far barrier bank, fellow to this; and in between a small fen, a washland, with the gentle river a few yards wide meandering down its centre.

But now, beneath the ragged storm, all that washland was brimful with water, an angry lake lashed by the wind into waves three or four feet high that broke on to the bank top as waves of the sea might hit a fishing quay.

Ned fumbled for his lamp and directed its gleam along the bank to his right. There, only a few yards away, was the danger. For a distance of perhaps twenty feet the whole top of the bank had crumbled and slipped into the fen below. Not much of the bank had gone as yet, little more than a foot in depth, but through that small breach the water was pouring steadily, eroding the gap every minute, dropping sheer into the fen where it had already gouged out a sizable hole. This was the source of the flood that had checked his path.

WONDERING dimly where the other men had got to, he heard a shout from below, muted by the roar of wind and water. Then he could make them out, gathered in a little group in the darkness down there on the fen at the other side of the hole. He muttered angrily to himself. Unless they could stop that gap with bags of clay, and that soon, the whole bank would blow out, the whole fen would be engulfed.

He got to his knees and started to move towards the gap. Again shouts from below, gestures to him to go back, to keep away. He only muttered and moved forward to the edge of the gap. There was no crossing that on hands and knees. Waiting till a wave had just hurtled over, he got to his feet, bending forward almost double.

No use trying to rush it. One slip and he would be down there in the fen, swirling in the frothy water, most likely with a broken neck. He edged his feet carefully under the water as it poured by, bracing his knees against the tug, firming every foothold as he transferred his weight on to it. Three times he took a wave up to his waist, once almost falling. Then he was across. He slid down the bank—the slope was much easier this side—and came to the men.

"We'll need to staunch that gap quick. Why ain't you getting the bags filled?"

"We'll never do it, Ned," replied old Fred Barnes, "nothing'll save her now." He had to come close to him and shout above the din of the water.

"Get the bags filled."

The others began to shout, too. "Risking our lives for naught." "Past mending, I'm telling you." "Who'll go on top to place the bags in this gale?" "I'll go on top," Ned answered, "you fill 'em. Two of you pass them up."

"You'll never last there. 'Tis your death, man."

"Dig!" shouted Ned. "Fill them bags or..."

"Or what?" demanded a loutish

Continued on page 21

"Do you think I'd leave your wife now?" she said. "What's a few sticks and a couple of hens?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE



SIX MILLION FAMILIES send fifty million pieces of dirty linen to be washed at two thousand one hundred and fifty laundries in Great Britain each week. Since the first shirt was shorn of its buttons, probably six million comedians have made fifty million jokes about the way the washing looks when it comes back.

The laundry, from being a comical oddity for Widow Twankey to bash about in, has grown into a monster, dictatorial and devouring, refusing sacrifices with one stern hand and cramming them into its atrocious, soap-suddy maw with the other. That is how it looks to many a bewildered housewife. The truth is not so simple.

At Catford, in South-East London, is one of the country's larger laundries. It is probably one of the country's most efficient laundries.

Mr. Allen has been managing the laundry for thirteen years. He knows the prewar laundry and the postwar laundry. An expert witness for the defence, he is also ready to point out faults.

Harmful Substitutes Not Used

He offers no alibis about washing materials. If his customers think their linen is falling to pieces because of substitute bleaching agents used in lieu of soap and soda, they are wrong. The Gleniffer Laundry uses no more bleach now than it did prewar. Manager Allen gets all the soap and soda he wants.

Twenty-one hundredweights of soap, twenty-five hundredweights of soda, and one million gallons of water from the laundry's own artesian well go into the boilers every forty-five hour week. Six hundred bundles of dirty washing go along the rollers to the sorting department every two hours and come out of the packing department as clean linen at the end of thirteen and a half hours.

Ninety per cent of the laundries in the United Kingdom are members of the Institution of British Launderers. The British Launderers' Research Association sends inspectors every year to check on each laundry's work and tells individual laundries what they are doing wrong.

Bleach is something which can go very wrong when it is not properly handled. Largely composed of sodium hyperchloride, it has to be used not only in the correct quantities but also at the correct temperature. If put in when the water is too hot, it can play merry heck.

Bundles of laundry arriving at the Gleniffer, already in sacks whose colours show whether they are to be machine finished or fully finished, are loaded on to a lift and hoisted to the second floor above the washhouse.

Check-up on Housewives

Thirty women check the items in each bundle against the housewife's list, mark off any discrepancies, punch the laundry mark on any unmarked items, and put the articles on an endless belt which carries them round to the women who sort them into labelled chutes leading down to the washhouse.

The human element, which is the principal wrecking factor in laundry work, has several opportunities here. Failure to mark the unmarked pieces may lead to their being delivered to the wrong people. Failure to sort the clothes into their right categories may mean that they will be given the wrong sort of washing.

Laundries throughout the country suffer from a shortage of labour. Of the 135,400 people employed in the industry, 107,500 are women. Of the six hundred women employed by Gleniffer, three hundred are part time. Most, being housewives themselves, prefer working in the morning so that they can be home in time for their children coming back from school or their husbands coming back



Joyce Norris with pressing machine. Bulk of laundry employees are women

OUT OF THE WASH

by HUBERT COLE

Housewives' problem is finding a laundry. Close-up of a laundry in action shows that they too have difficulties

from work. This presents a problem in getting an equal spreadover of labour.

In addition, a fair proportion of them will have family worries to distract them. Even the single girls have boy-friend trouble from time to time. If, at any point in the thirteen-and-a-half-hour process, the worker has her mind on something else, the washing may suffer.

The trollies take the clothes to the washing machines, which can handle from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of dry clothes at a time. There is not a paddle in the place. At no time are the clothes banged, bashed or otherwise assaulted.

Each machine has a card with operating instructions on it. The handkerchiefs, collars and white shirts, for instance, get a seventy-five minute treatment made up of four washes and four rinses, in a mixture made up of eleven jugs of soda, thirteen jugs of soap, and bleach at 140 degrees F. in two applications of six pints at five-minute intervals.

The machine itself is a perforated cylinder inside another cylinder. The clothes go in with the water and cleaning materials; the inner drum revolves first one way and then the other.

From the washing machines, the clothes go to the "hydros," which dry them, revolving at 1,450 turns a minute and driving out the water by centrifugal force.

All the flat articles, including those with buttons, then go through the rollers for a final drying and pressing. The

lower rollers are steam heated, the upper ones padded to avoid breakages.

At the farther end, the articles are examined for stains and sent back if they have any. The women who fold the articles examine for bad finish and will reject for that, too. Handkerchiefs, stowed in net bags to avoid handling, go through smaller rollers; and shirts and pyjama jackets have an even more complicated trip.

From the hydros they go to girls who operate twin pressing machines. One presses the front and cuffs; the other the collar band and back. The arms are dried on a pair of steam-heated horns.

Offshoots from the main chain are the repair department, where sewing machines stitch over the tears, and the fully finished section, where the linen is pressed by hand.

Based on Lowest Price

Losses and any other complaints are dealt with by the Service Department, which has to sort out problems of lists in which the housewife has either over- or underestimated the number of items she sent, or maybe has forgotten to enclose any list at all.

Where losses are proved, the Service Department offers payment based on the cost of a new article at the lowest price. Compensation for a lost sheet, for instance, is the Utility price of 25s. per pair. Before the war the laundry supplied a new article, but cannot do that now because of coupon difficulties. With the compensation money, they issue an

JOHN BULL June 26 1948

application form for more coupons, which Manager Allen gets from the Ministry of Fuel and the customer has to fill up and send to the Board of Trade. Where the customer claims that the article lost was not only new but also of superior quality, the Service Department raises its compensation above the Utility minimum.

The object is to leave the customer satisfied, though not to subsidize her housekeeping budget.

The general picture in the laundry, if it is well run, is of a general effort to produce first-class work, which falls short of perfection only because of the human element—both inside and outside the laundry.

A few weeks ago, there went from my home to our own laundry a bath towel which had never been used since it was bought before the war. It did not have our name on it, was put into the wrong parcel at the laundry, and has never been seen since. Contributory factors to the loss were, evidently: our own neglect in not putting our name on it; the laundry's neglect in not marking it; and the loose morals of our fellow customer who kept it.

But this laundry refuses to pay more than twenty times the washing cost as compensation—5s. 10d. for a towel worth at least three times that amount.

Looking After the Staff

Actual damage to the articles at the laundry is due to casual carelessness—the result of occupational fatigue and lack of interest which are problems in any factory. Staff welfare at the Gleniffer includes free attention by a registered nurse and doctor; dental and optical treatment in the firm's time; half an hour off every month to see the chiropodist at a half-price fee of 1s. 3d.; one week's sick pay for each year of service.

Wages, higher than the industry's basic minimum of £3 a week, start at 63s. 9d. and rise at two-monthly intervals to 68s. 9d. After that, two efficiency grades lead to 73s. Beyond that, supervisory grades (half-blue collar, full-blue collar and red collar) rise to around six guineas. But few stay on for this.

Girls work in laundries up to the time they are married, often return some years later for part-time work, but few settle down to make a career of it.

Laundrymen point out that, while the price of laundering has gone up by only 9d. in the shilling since before the war, wages have risen by over one hundred per cent. And wages are the largest factor in operating costs.

However careful the handling of the articles may be, there is still the problem of the articles themselves. Before the war, laundries had a "frail" category for linen requiring special treatment. Now it is all in the frail category. There always was a human tendency to believe that, because a tablecloth was a wedding present, it ought never to wear out. Now rationing dictates that, however old a thing is, it must not wear out.

It is comforting for those of us with tattered underclothes to walk around the Gleniffer and remark that everybody else is in exactly the same strait. The backs of pyjama jackets worn to transparency; sleeves frayed at the hems; tails of shirts cannibalized to provide new fronts. Sometimes even the weight of the water is enough to drag the many patches from their moorings.

The philosophical approach to the laundry problem would appear to be: don't expect clothes to last for ever, even if the Board of Trade says they must; check the laundry list before you send it as well as when it comes back; don't hesitate to raise complaints with the Service Department, which probably still works on the old-fashioned belief that the customer may sometimes be right.

If all that fails, take your washing to another laundry . . . if you can find another laundry.

Black boys in search of a future

by HARRY HOPKINS

Thousands of Colonials come here to learn a trade. They are snubbed—yet the Empire needs skilled men. As the Motherland it's up to Britain to do a real parent's job and to plan ahead

THE LONG BROWN FACE was sad, the brown eyes were listless. "Write," he commanded. "Write it down. To All Whom It May Concern. This is a fellow by name Aston Fraser, otherwise known as Bonecrusher. Then they'll know back there, then they'll see how it is. . . ."

This is how it was.

Twelve weeks previously this fellow, by name Aston Fraser, had been crouching in the shadows of the quayside at Port Antonio, Jamaica. He was twenty-two years old, without a job and rather hungry.

Through the pile of crates he could see the banana ship. At two o'clock she was sailing for Britain—for Britain where, the papers said, they were begging for workers.

At 1.30—with half an hour left—his chance came. A canoe sneaked in alongside the *Eros*. Telling it now, in London, he said: "I flew up the anchor chain like a bird and ran straight to the bow."

There was another lad there, hiding under the same tarpaulin. Two hours out the bosun spotted him. "Come out," he yelled. "We know you're there." Then he called some sailors and heaved the covers off.

Stowaways Put to Work

The stowaways' hearts sank to their boots as they stood there blinking in the tropical sunshine. Would the captain send them back—back to Jamaica where Aston had been out of work since he was fourteen, back to Kingston where one in every two men is without a job and apt to be hungry?

They showed the captain their passports. After all, they were British. The captain sent them down to work in the engine room.

Fourteen days in Brixton Prison, a stepmotherly pat from the Colonial Office, a ration book and clothing coupons—and the Promised Land lay at Aston Fraser's feet just as he'd always dreamed.

But somehow it wasn't turning out quite like those Jamaican ex-Service chaps said. No one had rushed up to offer that £15-a-week job.

That morning—his eighth week in the heart of the Empire—Aston Fraser had expended 1s. 6d. in bus tickets to look for a job at a King's Cross foundry. And it had been "No vacancies" again. Aston knew well enough what that meant now. It meant: "We don't want darkies here."

In a soft, deep voice he said: "I'm thinking of leaving this island. I'm going to a foreign land."

Today the ports of Britain are full of such disillusioned pilgrims. Hundreds of coloured ex-Servicemen have blued their gratuities to get here. In December a single ship brought two hundred West Indians from Jamaica. Thirty-three of them were stowaways. From West Africa the stowaways travel as regularly as film

stars on the *Queens*. They arrive, all the year round, at an average rate of one a day.

While Aston Fraser was awaiting his chance on the quayside, Charles Oswald Brown, a Kingston prison guard's son, having hitch-hiked 180 miles across the island, was using his home-made boarding ropes to stow away in a locker in the *Eros's* forepeak. "I figured I'd make a better future in England," he told the magistrate. "Maybe," said the magistrate, "after fourteen days."

And how, in fact, was he faring—eight weeks later. The morning I met him he was feeling a bit more cheerful. He had just had the promise of a job in an ice-cream factory. The manager had been kind. "It's getting warmer," he'd said.

But the better future? Charles Brown is a moulder. In the East End a firm gave him a test. They were floor moulders. He'd done a little machine moulding in his time, but he didn't make the grade. "If they'd just have let me stick around a day or two, I could have done all right."

They Want to Learn

Like Brown, the ambition of most Colonials is to work at a trade. Like him, most fall short of British standards. But they desperately want to learn. Often the Army's half taught them, stirring new ambitions. So they come to England—to learn. And find that nobody wants to be bothered with them.

Take G. T. A. Roberts, a cheerful little chap in a dazzling tie and little round American hat. In Bathurst he was a motor fitter of sorts. In Britain he'd have liked to be a better motor fitter. But in three years all he's been able to get is a succession of fetch-and-carry jobs. His last one was in the Birmingham salvage department; his present one is in a bottle factory.

He laughs, goes on hoping. He's that sort. Others are less patient. For, let's admit it, inadequate training isn't the only reason for these lads' troubles.

People, on the whole, are polite. The manager says: "Of course, I've no objection myself, but I must think of my men. . . ." A youth spends years

qualifying as a printer, then can't get a job. An accountancy student, cultured, pleasant, comes to Britain to learn our business methods, then can't find a single firm to let him sit at a desk.

Steady work by a handful of Colonial Office welfare officers has induced railways, the Post Office, a private firm or two to give the coloured boys a trial—and, prejudice overcome, results have sometimes been rewarding.

Defeat for Colour Bar

Not long ago a union branch objected when several coloured railway workers asked to train as engine drivers. The Colonial Office took their case up, pointed out that this was dishonouring Socialist principles. The local branch thought again and the story ended happily with a couple of Colonial lads well on the way to becoming British engine drivers.

But for the laughing coloured boy who comes to London to seek his fortune the city's hard, grey pavements are full of heartbreaks. If it isn't his colour or his lack of skill, it's his physique. Only a "sprinkling" have been taken in the mines, and labouring work in an English winter is tough on a boy from the tropics. Nor is the tempo of a banana patch in Jamaica easily adjusted to mass production's conveyor belts.

In those first few days in England the young pioneer's hopes plummet as quickly as they soared when our coastline came up over the horizon. The shock is terrible. Probably, he throws his hand in. He hangs around aimlessly. The only place he goes now is the Public Assistance Office. The dole he gets feeds him only half the week and he begins to crack up physically, too.

Then the drift starts. Just where it ends up nobody really knows—or much cares. But there are quarters in all our great seaports where the scope for private enterprise is practically unlimited and the customers don't make a point of the colour of a fellow's skin.

Welfare officers claim that if a coloured man is really determined and will take what comes he will get a job in the end. No doubt they're right.

Take John F. Mannah, from Nigeria.

During the war Mannah drove a truck for the West African Division down through Burma to Rangoon. Demobbed, he found Calabar had nothing for him any more. So he "worked his passage" to England to learn a trade.

Now he's happily working as a fitter's mate on the British Railways, studying a correspondence course in motor engineering. All he wants is a room of his own. The hostel's too noisy for studying.

John Mannah may find that room. Let's hope so. He's a nice quiet little chap. And doing well. But no point in hiding it; the search is likely to be long and bitter. He may have to get used to having people agree by letter or on the phone and then watching their faces change and their doors begin to close when they see the colour of his skin.

And so another drift starts—towards Britain's little Harlems, where a coloured youth becomes easy prey to avaricious landlords and rapacious women.

Shame is the Spur

"The truth is that every African who comes to England is disappointed as soon as he arrives," said Solomon Samba, a Gambian merchant's son. "The only thing that makes him stick it is shame at going home empty handed."

Despite a Higher School Certificate, this obviously intelligent young man hadn't been able to get the simplest clerical job. He was bitter, so bitter that it hurt you to hear him. "You pretend there is no colour bar, so we come—and find this. It would be better if you did what the Americans do: tell us straight just what we can do and what we can't. Get rid of the colour bar?" he laughed harshly. "Maybe, if all the blacks die, or all the whites."

Here, piling up in our great cities, is a fearful reservoir of bitterness and despair. It is added to week by week as new ships from the Colonies bring in more loads of black and brown Britons, eager, expectant, in search of a future. It is added to, also, by the hundreds of African firemen and deckhands, in constant

Continued on page 15



Men like these are eager to work and learn. Colonial Office has had some success—but more help is needed

BEHIND THE SCENES OF FAMOUS TRIALS (2)

The Strangest Murder of t

TWO BRITISH MARINES, engaged in some sort of military exercise at the beginning of October, 1942, were startled to see a human hand protruding from the top of a low mound on one of the highest parts of Hankley Common, a desolate expanse of country near Thursley, in Surrey.

Neither they nor the police who exhumed the decomposed body of a woman knew that this was the method of burial used by the once-powerful Cree tribe of Red Indians, whose descendants are still to be found in parts of Canada.

Had the fact been appreciated, the official inquiries might have been simplified; as it was, the discovery of the body began the most complex investigation ever undertaken by the Surrey police.

There was no sort of clue to the identity of the body, or how it had come to be buried there; and the police had to interview hundreds of individuals who they thought might be able to assist them.

Superintendent Webb, the officer in charge of the case at the neighbouring town of Godalming, followed up in vain the records of scores of women missing from Surrey homes; equally in vain the Metropolitan Police, believing she might have come from London, checked their lists of missing persons.

With all the displacements of wartime, and with all the thousands of troops stationed in Surrey from all over the globe, the task of tracing the woman's identity seemed insuperable. But, early on, the superintendent had a brainwave.

Policeman Remembered Her

He sent for a constable who some time previously had brought a girl to the police station for questioning; the officer looked at a piece of green material found near the mound and at once said, "Yes, that's like what Joan Wolfe was wearing."

He was right. Inquiries soon showed that this material, as well as a pair of shoes and other articles found on the common, had belonged to Joan Wolfe, a nineteen-year-old girl who had left her home in Kent three years previously and spent the intervening time wandering round the South of England near military camps and occasionally working for short periods in war factories.

While the pathologists could not say, in view of the state of the body, that it was hers, the fact remained that she had

Even though he was accused of a particularly sordid murder, there was some sympathy for Auguste Sangret, the illiterate soldier from overseas still so strongly under the influence of a primitive tribal background

by **C. E. Beckhofer Roberts**

not been seen by anybody whom the police were able to question since the middle of September.

What the pathologists could say by now, however, was that the woman (whoever she was) had been struck on the head and arm by a knife or some other sharp instrument with a hook or spike at the end of the blade. Further, her skull had been broken by a heavy blow, caused apparently by a wooden stake which was found near the mound with human hairs still adhering to it.

If the knife could be found, the police hoped that it would lead them to the killer. Meanwhile they concentrated on questioning soldiers and others who were known to have been in contact with Joan Wolfe.

They were many, for she had passed from one to another in quick succession.

The last of them who could be traced was an illiterate Canadian soldier named Auguste Sangret, one-third French-Canadian and two-thirds Cree Indian, who was stationed at one of the camps near the common.

He was questioned by Chief Inspector Greeno of Scotland Yard and dictated a very long statement to a police stenographer, most of which was corroborated by other evidence.

He first met Joan, he said, in a public house in Godalming in the middle of July. She was drinking lemonade and refused his offer of something stronger; nor would she smoke. She told him that she had just ended an affair with another

Canadian soldier, who wished to marry her but had been sent back to Canada instead by his commanding officer.

After an hour, Sangret and she went for a walk, kissed and were intimate. (During the trial the prosecution professed indignation at the suggestion that Joan had been "promiscuous": one lover at a time, it retorted, was her rule!)

A few evenings later they met again; she was with another Canadian, who suggested to Sangret that they should toss for her. She objected to this, however, and the other man retired. It was then that the policeman, who had been watching them, took them to the station where their names were noted.

After this interlude they walked off to the common, and Sangret built a wigwam from branches of trees and heather behind his officers' lines, and they spent the night together.

A Letter from Joan

Two or three days later a letter arrived for him. As he could not read he took it to a friendly sergeant, who told him that Joan said that she had fainted in the street, been taken again to the police station and then sent to a hospital in Guildford, where she still was. She added that she thought she was pregnant.

The sergeant then drafted and posted an affectionate reply from Sangret, in which the suggestion was made that they should marry. Her next letter announced that "I am pretty sure we are going to have a tiny wee one" but "I should not

blame you a little bit if you did not want to marry me."

This was reasonable enough, one may think, since they had known each other for only a few days and, if indeed she was pregnant, one of Sangret's predecessors was at least as likely to be responsible.

She soon left hospital, taking with her some clothes belonging to other patients, and sent a message to Sangret, who received it while sitting in class and struggling to learn the alphabet.

The same or another sergeant—but one equally romantic by nature—instantly allowed Sangret to go out and see her; he returned to fetch some blankets, with which he furnished their wigwam. He used to spend the nights with her, returning to the camp in the morning.

After a week or two he built a bigger and better wigwam, behind the sergeants' lines this time; the sergeants took up a subscription towards a wedding present for the pair, but reluctantly decided that the living-out ought to cease. Sangret was confined to the camp, where incidentally he inquired once, but once only (as the prosecution later emphasized), about the formalities necessary before marriage; Joan was sent back to hospital.

Moved to Cricket Pavilion

She promptly absconded again and sought out her lover. In view of the unsympathetic attitude of his superiors towards wigwams, they decided to look for other accommodation, and settled down comfortably (according to their lights) in a disused cricket pavilion outside Thursley village. Her total luggage consisted of a handbag in which, though she was not a Catholic, she carried a rosary and a Testament.

She also had a pencil and seems to have spent her lonely days in writing on the walls, for various drawings and inscriptions in her writing were afterwards found there: a prayer, a picture of "Our little grey home in the west," and the plain, if inaccurate, statement, "J. Wolfe, now Mrs. Sangret, England, September 5, 1942."

An air raid warden drove them out of the pavilion and they returned to the common for a few days; they were seen

The man in the dock



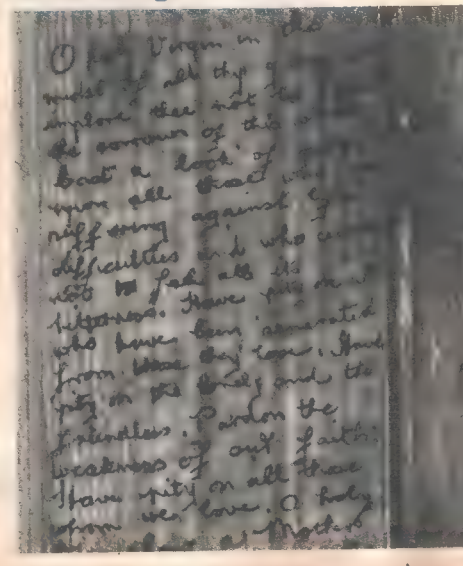
The murdered girl



The knife that was used



The writing on the wall



he War

together on various days in the second week of September, at the end of which they tried unsuccessfully to rent a room in Thursley village.

Joan was never seen again after September 13, but Sangret took a friend with him to look for her the next day and had to answer a number of questions from his fellow soldiers about her.

He told them variously that she had gone away "on a course," that he had sent her home to fetch some clothes, that she was again in hospital, and so on. He was notoriously "poker-faced" and nobody was much surprised that he showed no emotion about her absence; in any event, they were all used to the fickleness of English girls, especially those of her type.

The only one who seems to have worried at all was a man of Sudeten-German origin who had somehow been drafted into the Canadian forces.

He said that he had met Joan in Sangret's company in August and "she was the first civil person to speak to me in this country." (I am quoting now from the evidence he gave later at the trial.) They had agreed to write to each other, though, he said, "I don't know what I was going to write to her about."

Sangret, in his statement to Chief Inspector Greeno, added that when he and Joan parted on September 14 they had quarrelled over two other women, one in Canada and the other in Scotland, with whom he had been friendly—she had actually written a letter to the first one for him—and as he went off to his camp she kissed him and said, "Goodbye, this is the last time I may see you." He had not seen her since, he insisted.

Then he said to the chief inspector, "I guess you've found her. Everything points to me; I guess I shall get the blame."

The police officer, who at that time had not mentioned that her body—or a body thought to be hers—had been found, at once told him that she was dead, and cautioned him. Sangret replied, "She might have killed herself."

Suspicious though the police now were of him, they had not sufficient evidence on which to arrest him, and he was sent back under escort to his camp. This was on October 12, and nothing more happened until November 27.

Weapon in a Waste-pipe

Then a washbasin in the camp was found to be stopped up; the plumber who came to repair it found in the waste-pipe a hooked knife, which exactly fitted the wounds in the skull and arm of the body.

Whose was the knife, and how had it got into the pipe?

This was soon cleared up. One Canadian soldier remembered having found the knife stuck in a tree on the common soon after the girl's disappearance. He handed it to a friend, and eventually it was claimed by Sangret as his.

Then it was recalled that he had gone into the washroom on the day he was about to be taken to Godalming to be questioned by Chief Inspector Greeno; the natural assumption was that he had taken the opportunity to hide the knife before he could be searched.

Now the case for the prosecution was complete, and Sangret was arrested. He vigorously denied any knowledge of how Joan had come by her death: "I did



Supt. Webb and constable at spot where body was found. If only more had been known about Red Indians

not do it; no, sir. Someone did it, and I'll have to take the rap."

His trial began on February 24, 1943, at the County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, in a new and expensive court which, like so many of its kind in recent years, places the prisoner so far away from counsel and the witnesses that he is fortunate if he can always hear what they are saying.

Mr. Eric Neve, K.C., and Mr. Geoffrey Lawrence appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Linton Thorp, K.C., and Mr. Lawrence Vine for the defence. The judge was Mr. Justice Macnaughten.

For the main background of his case, Mr. Neve relied on Sangret's long statement to the police. After all, the statement was as consistent with Sangret's innocence as with his guilt.

Joan Wolfe's mother had to be called, to tell what she knew of her daughter's movements in the last few years and also to identify her handwriting in various letters.

In one of these, which was addressed to yet another soldier, Joan described Sangret thus: "He has curly black hair, brown eyes, is fairly tall and dark skinned. His name is Auguste Sangret and he comes from the west of Canada. He is twenty-eight years old, and he is half French and half Indian, but he is ever so nice."

The poor mother had to admit that her daughter had been consorting with various soldiers ever since she was sixteen and had been a sore trial to her.

G.I. Gives Evidence

Soldier after soldier was called, from Sangret's unit, several of whom spoke of his undemonstrative but apparently real regret that, as he told them, Joan had left him. None of them seemed to think it odd that, at a time when he was on active service (though, to be fair, his actual occupation was to try to learn the alphabet), he should be spending his nights with a girl in a wigwam or a dilapidated cricket pavilion.

A slightly more sophisticated witness was an American soldier, to whom Joan had introduced Sangret as her husband. He admitted blithely that, meeting her

alone one day afterwards, he had made passes at her.

"Why?" asked Mr. Thorp. The reader must remember that an air of Victorian morality pervades our courts of law. It is almost considered proof of a witness's unreliability if he confesses to advances towards a married woman.

The American, who seems to have appreciated the atmosphere, replied that, in the first place, he had not believed that she was really married and, secondly, "If I thought that she was a decent sort of girl, then I would try to make some arrangements to get her out of her unhappy condition. But if she was the sort of girl who could easily be led by a man like myself," he added, in the best Victorian style, "then I wouldn't have had anything more to do with her."

"Sorrows of This World"

Her pencillings in the pavilion, which were read out, show the type of person she was. One was a prayer:

"O holy Virgin, in the midst of all thy glory we implore thee not to forget the sorrows of this world. Cast a look of pity upon all those who are suffering against life's difficulties and who cease not to feel all its bitterness. Have pity on all who have been separated [her actual spelling] from those they love. Have pity on the lonely and the friendless. Pardon the weakness of our faith. Have pity on all those whom we love. . . ."

When at last the prosecution's case had been presented, Sangret was called to give evidence on his own behalf. He stuck to his story as he had given it to the police, and then he was cross-examined by Mr. Neve. In general he was able to follow the questions and to answer them, but sometimes he had to have words explained to him.

"You had begun to get tired of her, hadn't you?" he was asked.

"Me?"

"Yes."

"No, I didn't."

But, Mr. Neve went on, she was suggesting that she was going to have a child by him: did he ever take any step

towards arranging their marriage after his first inquiry from his officer? Sangret replied that he was waiting first to hear what her mother had to say.

What about the love letter which a sergeant had written for him to a woman in Scotland? Sangret denied it was a love letter.

"I'm suggesting," Mr. Neve persisted, "that this girl, who was telling you she was going to have a baby by you, was beginning to get a bit of a nuisance to you, and you were prepared, were you not, to try to shake her off if you could?"

"What for?"

"So that you might be free to go and carry on with some other woman at Glasgow or anywhere else you wanted to."

"No."

Sangret repeated his denial that the hooked knife was his or had ever belonged to him.

Jury Added a Rider

If he could have cleared himself from the ownership of the knife, which so exactly fitted the wounds in the girl's head and arm, he would probably have been acquitted, but, as it was, the jury, after a three hours' retirement, returned a verdict of guilty—though with a strong recommendation to mercy—and Sangret was hanged in April, 1943.

The jury gave no reasons for its "mercy" rider, which, in the face of the evidence, was unreasonable, but it probably felt that Sangret, more than half Indian as he was, was to some extent a victim of circumstances outside his control.

It was not his fault that he had been brought from a country where, for example, he was (as an Indian) forbidden by law to buy liquor, and set down among a number of hard-drinking companions in the boredom of a remote Surrey camp. Nor was it his fault that he should have come in contact with a creature as wild and as provocative as the vagrant Joan Wolfe.

And after all (though the jury did not know it) he had paid her the compliment of burying her after the manner of his tribe.

FREE SPEECH

- ★ Aircraft Make Too Much Unnecessary Noise
- ★ Careless Ramblers Are Ruining Countryside
- ★ Rationing Is No Excuse For Sports Defeats

WITH CONSTANTLY EXPANDING air travel, the shattering roar of low-flying planes over built-up areas is becoming more frequent and more objectionable. It is a punishable offence for a motor vehicle to travel along any road without a properly muffled exhaust; aircraft should be brought into line.—Miss B. MITCHELL, 5 North Shore Street, Campbeltown, Argyll.

"Bedlam" Villages

I HAVE JUST returned from a fortnight's tour of one of the loveliest parts of England and was shocked by stories of senseless destruction which I heard from farmers, villagers and police.

It seems normal practice for ramblers to walk through growing crops, camp anywhere without permission, break up gates and foot-bridges to burn on camp fires, push down walls and fences, and to refuse to clear away tins, bottles and other debris.

The chief offenders are young people who come at weekends and make a Bedlam of quiet villages.

While we urge the Government to get on with National Parks, we must realize that a section of the public is doing a lot to hamper the scheme.—J. SIMPSON, 4 Milbury Crescent, Bitterne, Southampton.

Our Test Team Handicapped . . .

THE TEST MATCHES are here again and as usual the English side is heavily handicapped.

For years our men have carried the strain of war and the rationing of food. The Australians arrive fit and with a store of energy from the years of good feeding.

If our men can put up a good show against these odds it will indeed be a great feat for England.—L. LLOYD, 10 Norfolk Street, Brighton.

. . . Excuse Wearing Thin

WITH THE APPROACH of the Olympic Games there seems to be a general air of pessimism about our chances, and the main excuse every time is our rations.

Isn't this excuse wearing a bit thin? It seems to me that if our workers can, and do, break records, then our athletes should also be expected to break a few.

Having seen several sporting events during the last few months, including rugby and soccer finals, I came away with the impression that a few of the players were distinctly overfed. The answer is more up-to-date, training methods.—A. R. WARREN, 61 Shelley Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

"Only Mugs Work"

BEFORE JOINING THE ARMY, a young friend of mine was alert, industrious and keen on his work. Since his dis-

charge he is idle and cynical; he lounges around day after day chain-smoking. "Only mugs work" is now his philosophy and he declares his intention of living on his wits when his savings are exhausted.

This may be an extreme case, but it does show what the present system of compulsory service can do to a man. How much better if these youngsters were conscripted for work on the land, where they could learn a satisfying job which is a benefit to the country, and not waste their time idling in camps.—C. NORTON, 82 Elfindale Road, S.E.24.

The Case for Hypnotism

HARVEY GRAHAM'S ARTICLE on hypnotism (JOHN BULL, June 5) was of great interest to me as, although I am an ordinary working man, I have studied this science since 1912.

I strongly advocate its wider use in hospitals. A hypnotist needs no special surgery or waiting-room—just a quiet room with a comfortable chair or couch for the patient.

Moreover, if they had official approval, many hypnotists could render great service to humanity by relieving pain and sickness where ordinary medical science has failed.—J. F. STERNE, Bartley, Southampton.

G.P.s Are Prejudiced

AS A MEANS of painless childbirth hypnotism sounds fine, but a good deal of prejudice seems to exist among G.P.s against painless birth.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed one doctor when my wife mentioned twilight sleep. "Pain is natural to childbirth and never did any mother any harm. You will soon forget it."—JAMES HUMPHREYS, 28 Weston Street, Nechells, Birmingham, 7.

Ask the Orphans

IF LEGISLATION is to be passed affecting orphans, surely the first people to be consulted for suggestions are orphans who have themselves been brought up in institutions.

They ought to know what reforms are necessary far better than those who have never lived in an orphanage.—Mrs. D. JUDD, Reading. (Full address enclosed.)

Never-ending Surplus

EVERY WEEK, in the newspaper advertisement columns, we see lists of Government surplus uniforms, clothing, blankets, parachute panels, duffle coats, all for sale without coupons. I refer to new stocks, not those advertised as re-conditioned.

Surely a long enough period has elapsed since the end of the war for these surplus stocks to have been exhausted. Are the factories producing



"Hypnotism could render great service to humanity," says Mr. J. F. Sterne. He wants to see it used more often in hospitals

these articles in greater quantities than the services can use or is there some other reason, for the seemingly endless supply?

During my service in the A.T.S. I found that my uniform and kit had to be literally falling to pieces before they could be exchanged. I trust that present members of H.M. Forces are benefiting from this surplus.

It is high time these "surplus" stocks were exhausted, and the materials used in their manufacture put to better use.—Miss EVELYN LUCAS, Audmore, Gnosall, Stafford.

Fishy Business

BEING VERY FOND of mackerel, I recently bought a couple after a lengthy search in our local shopping centre. They cost me 1s. 10d.

And yet I hear from my native Cornwall that boatloads of live mackerel are being sold cheaply to farmers for manure! Are high freight charges responsible for this situation, or is it a restrictive practice by traders anxious to profit by making an artificial scarcity?—JOHN SHEPPARD, 50 Benares Road, Woolwich, London, S.E.18.

Grandfather's Favourite Uncle

AS A GRANDFATHER with three young Agrandsons, I must write and tell you how much the Uncle Andy strip is appreciated. The boys and I get an immense amount of enjoyment out of making the things illustrated and in "finding things out" with the twins.

I don't know whether or not this is second childhood on my part, but I must confess I look forward to each new instalment with great interest.—J. RADSHAW, Thirsk, Yorkshire.

Criticism From A Scout

UNCLE ANDY is most interesting and educational, but as a Scout I must criticize his advice on making a camp fire (JOHN BULL, May 29). Although the method shown may be all right for the twins' garden, where is anyone going to find twenty bricks and forked sticks in the country?—E. H. WILLIAMS, 83 Great Nelson Street, Liverpool, 3.

Uncle Andy writes: For the country, logs will do just as well as bricks. As a Scout, the writer should read Lord Baden-Powell's "Scouting for Boys." The camp fire shown is called the "Crane" type and is listed on page 85 of the book.—EDITOR.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

P.S. On Radio

Wide interest was aroused by Frank Tilsley's series of articles in JOHN BULL on "What Radio Does To Us," the result of his own private inquiry into the real effect of wireless on our lives. Here is a selection of readers' views.

FRANK TILSLEY in his interesting articles has done something for radio that was very badly needed. His survey should have a good effect on future broadcasting.—J. J. LEASON, 5 Southborne Overcliff Drive, Southborne, Bournemouth.

MOST SUNDAYS THERE ARE recordings of six programmes already broadcast in the past week. The fact that these programmes are popular means that they have already been heard at peak listening hours by the great majority of listeners, so why broadcast them again for the few?—J. T. DUMBLETON, 119 Lyndale Road, Coventry.

I AM IN COMPLETE agreement with the listener who told Frank Tilsley that Woman's Hour was "condescending." The very existence of such a programme is an insult to women. Speakers in this programme persistently "talk down" to listeners. *Housewives' Choice*, incidentally, is a dead loss to the mothers of young children, as they don't get back from taking the little ones to school until it is half over.—Mrs. M. GREENWOOD, 23 South Cantril Avenue, Liverpool, 12.

I HAVE BEEN A B.B.C. LISTENER for many years. The play matinees and *Saturday Night Theatre* are the best programmes of this kind in Europe, far better than the French or Belgian, though the Dutch service is very good, too. We certainly "stay put" in our homes when plays are broadcast on the B.B.C.—A. COLUMBIEN, 7 Aan de Bocht, Ghent, Belgium.

DID FRANK TILSLEY in his investigations meet anyone like myself who would give his soul for an hour or two's peace and quiet? My own set is unlicensed and idle because neighbours' radios are blaring out all day.—A. CARPENTER, 25 Church Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

THIS WEEK'S COVER



WHEN CHICKEN-KEEPERS chance to be pipesmokers, hens have uses beyond mere utility. Even when the birds are off lay, their owner can get a feather for his pipe if not for his cap. Clive Upton says that the unsuspecting neighbour who agreed to pose for this cover is now recovering from a prolonged spell of stooping. But by way of compensation his pipe is drawing better than ever before.

Continued from page 11

demand while the war lasted, now unable to get into the labour pool. In one normal week a single East End Public Assistance Board paid out doles to over 130 coloured Colonial immigrants.

Some Colonial Office officials will tell you that Africans exaggerate the colour bar. Of course they do. And—of course, again—the Colonial Office would rather the painful matter were not mentioned. Reformers deplore—and stick their heads in the sand, too.

For just deploring isn't going to change the feelings of a brown boy in a white world, isn't going to alter the reactions of a suburban housewife to a black face with thick lips and crinkly hair. No amount of sentimentalizing about the brotherhood of man is going to make a happy-go-lucky youth from an African small town fit any easier into the cauldron of London.

On the one hand you have millions of Britons who, far from feeling responsible for an Empire, are hardly conscious of it. On the other hand you have more millions of Britons, black and brown, looking to London as the splendid centre of the Commonwealth, their Commonwealth.

Naturally, the best young men want to come here. Said Roberts: "It's no good a young man like me sitting down in his home town. You've got to travel. You've got to see how the world is."

That's a fine ideal. But what happens?

Here is a true story. A man of fifty-three lives with his wife and children on the Gold Coast. He's a careful chap, worked steadily all his life. And all his life he's been reading about this wonderful city where the King lives, this London. Then he reads that England needs workers. So he leaves his family, puts his life savings into a ticket—and sails.

Within three days of landing he's so bewildered by rebuffs, so confused by the hurly-burly of it all that he's begging to be sent back.

That pathetic little story can be multiplied thousands of times. This is a formidable problem, loaded with various sorts of dynamite. And it is not being dealt with. We need a plan.

Must Know What to Expect

First, we must make sure that all would-be immigrants get a down-to-earth picture of *all* the snags they are going to meet in London. If it proves necessary to lay down by law certain minimum—but elastic—requirements such as the Dominions impose on United Kingdom immigrants we must do that, however much it shocks the constitutional lawyers.

Wartime training schemes gave new skills to hundreds of Colonials. They were dropped, though the Colonies need nothing so much as technicians and the bright young men there want nothing so much as to learn. Adequate schemes must be started up again, some in the Colonies, some in London.

We have to educate our own people, too. We have to teach them that Gambia isn't a new dance step and that black men are *people*, British people at that.

We need, too, in London, not a couple of hole-and-corner hostels and an aura of charity, but a Commonwealth Centre, a fine spacious group of buildings among trees and lawns where both white and coloured citizens of the Empire can meet.

The time has come when as a people we are going to have to face the full responsibilities of Empire—or lose those responsibilities. And they are responsibilities that begin at home.



Village of Plenty

by JOHN MAY

Villages which grow enough food for all local areas help hard pressed city markets. Here's how one place does it

THE MAIN FRUITS of many a garden are booms and slumps. Either there is nothing fit to gather, or else such a superabundance of fruit, flowers and vegetables that the owners are forced to give the stuff away.

Up in Oxfordshire, where the soil is red and the "hedges" and houses are built of grey stone, I found a small Cotswold village with the complete answer to this common dilemma. Somerton has a Village Produce Association. With co-operative buying and a market stall it makes the gardening year run as sweetly as the streamlets which tinkle down its hillside.

The V.P.A. idea was originally planted by the Ministry of Agriculture in 1941 to make rural districts self-supporting in home-grown food. Now there are 1,600 V.P.A.s scattered through England and Wales. Somerton's started up in May, 1942, when a cottager sent a child with a message to the schoolmistress, asking how to get some extra feeding stuff for a domestic pig.

Miss B. E. Edwards, the schoolmistress, called a meeting of villagers. They elected a business man (who travels daily to London) as chairman, the daughter of a local farmer as treasurer, and Miss Edwards became secretary. Out of a population of 221 ("we worked it out on the blackboard in school by remembering who lived in each house"), more than sixty became V.P.A. members.

The annual sub. was fixed at eighteenpence each, but the benefits to Somerton's small community, in the last six years are incalculable. For a variety of reasons its gardens have become gay, its gardeners cheery.

First, there is co-operative buying of

seeds, fertilizers, tomato plants, pullets and—this year—glass cloches. It saves money and trouble, and helps the slow-coach gardener (like myself) to get supplies earlier than he'd manage if left to himself.

"Mr. Giles, our stationmaster, always sorts out the orders of seed potatoes when they come in," says Miss Edwards.

Pig Clubs are Thriving

Come July, with the village gardens at their best, fame is the fertilizer. For the villagers are keenly competitive. Some of the increase in gardening skill is due to the half-dozen talks and instructional films a year for which everyone gathers at the village hall.

These cover everything from bees to pigs. The pig club incorporated in the V.P.A. has a dozen or more thriving porkers in its sties.

A twelvemonth after Somerton V.P.A. first sprang up it blossomed forth in a September show. So keen has village competition become since then that last year there were sixty classes with 130 cash prizes: mostly two shillings for first place and a "bob" for second, with sometimes a sixpenny third.

The veg. classes included a gargantuan "heavyweight marrow" championship. Village belles arranged posies and vases of flowers in sweet artistic rivalry. Hens, ducks, orchards and bees entered their produce. The best fruit pie, the best home-made toy, the best knitted dishcloth all won two-shilling prizes.

But the village's most practical local activity is the weekly "exchange and mart" of garden produce conducted by Miss Betty Emberlin. Every summer Friday afternoon she attends a loaded trestle table of flowers, vegetables and fruit, beneath a banner blazoned with the words "Somerton V.P.A. Market Stall."

Villagers come both to buy and sell.

Co-operative buying and a market stall is Somerton's answer to our food scarcity

Passers-by sometimes make purchases. But the main aim is the smoothing of "booms and slumps," the redistribution of local garden produce among local people so that they are independent of the hard-pressed town markets.

The stall operates from May to September. But the V.P.A. working committee is active all the year round.

"There's a task for every month," says Miss Edwards. "Our year begins in June with the annual general meeting; July there's the garden competition; August and September the county and local shows. In October we sell our fruit and order fruit trees."

Most of this work falls on Miss Edwards, as secretary, though she herself emphasizes that willing help is always at hand.

Film Caused Upheaval

The busiest time for the whole village was one October when normal life was brought practically to a standstill. The school was closed, gardens were not dug, household and farm routine was all upset, and although the trains continued to run from Somerton Station they often left considerably late.

Somerton V.P.A. had been picked as the subject for a Ministry of Information colour film. For three weeks Miss Edwards and the committee were running here, cycling there, fetching people to the camera, sending them home because of hitches in the shooting, holding up photogenic trains for railway shots, feeding a dozen or twenty strangers, and enduring for hours in the glare of arc lights.

The film helped to start many other Village Produce Associations, though even now only one in every ten villages is in the movement. It's fair to add that many of the ten thousand eligible communities outside the V.P.A. arrange their gardening and gaiety through other country organizations.

Last year many V.P.A. members and their wives came to London for a week-end course concurrent with a conference of the county organizers. One Berkshire village produced 19,000 lb. of pig meat; another in the Isle of Ely grew fifteen tons of soft fruit, onions, dwarf and runner beans. It's an achievement to raise both urban eyebrows and hats, an example for town gardeners to emulate.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Amuse Yourself

IN this mechanized age life tends to become more and more artificial and regulated. Some remedy is needed if mankind is to avoid that dissatisfied restlessness which is becoming almost a national epidemic.

Such a remedy is truly indicated in what Professor L. F. Jacks wrote: "Man is hungry for skill in his body and mind. . . . The happiness that man's nature demands is impossible until the creative part of him is awakened. . . ."

It is fatally easy to rely on cinemas, theatres, speedways and so on to fill our leisure hours. But such things can never wholly satisfy the urge to create that is a fundamental instinct in us all.

I'm sure the happiest folk are those who do not rely on others, but who create their own amusement.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WITH MY FEET UP



Operation Cheer-up

AT A CONFERENCE of nurses recently, one of the speakers suggested that hospitals should have receptionists to welcome patients. In America, he said, one finds a charming lady at a desk in an attractive entrance hall.

You know what it is like at present. You go into a gaunt, cold building with stone corridors which echo to the always hurrying tap-tap-tap of nurses' feet. You wait about, hoping someone will take some notice of you. No one does.

You start to approach a group of nurses at the end of a passage, but a doctor passes by and they all fall on their knees and beat their foreheads on the ground.

After wandering for half an hour you are cold, lost and feeling worse than ever. It is by sheer accident that you find yourself in the street again and hurry away home to cure yourself.

Perhaps the Hospital Hostess will change all that. In the attractive entrance hall, which will smell of Chanel No. 5 instead of disinfectant, she will rise to greet you.

"So nice to see you, Mr. Ingrowing-Toenail," she will say, shaking your hand. "How are you? Worse, I hope—we like something to work on."

"We're all ready for your operation. You'll only have to wait three or four hours until the doctor comes. It will be a pleasure to entertain you for so long."

You sit down in a deep armchair and she offers you a cigar.

"We have a doctor who has devised a wonderful new technique for your operation," she goes on. "In the old days the patient was never told anything. Now we believe in keeping him interested."

"Of course, the new technique is still in the experimental stage and several patients have died, but the doctor is getting better at it with every fresh case."

The Hostess opens a ledger on her desk. "Ah, you're going into Ward 62K, I see," she says. "Now isn't that nice? Such a light, open ward, I always think. The nurses don't like it, though. They say it is cold and draughty. Silly girls. All the street accident cases are carried through there to the casualty department, which makes it very interesting. Never a dull moment, one might say. "What's that? You feel too ill to have your operation? Nonsense. Don't look so moody. It will all be over in a trice, and you won't feel any pain except perhaps for the first couple of weeks. Come along now."

by Ian Fox

ACCENT ON OLYMPIC TRAINING

by DENNIS HOLMAN

For over twenty years our athletes have failed in most Olympic events. New ideas on training may put things right

WHEN IT WAS DECIDED to hold the next Olympic Games in London, a group of men met at the Amateur Athletic Association's headquarters in Chancery Lane and concluded it was about time Britain did something seriously about winning.

Our past record was not impressive. At Berlin in 1936 the only titles we won were the 4 x 400-metres relay and the 50,000-metres walk. Before that you'd have to go back as far as 1920 to find a Britisher in the final of an Olympic field event.

Our eclipse was attributed to a lack of coaching facilities; and to meet these and other difficulties in preparation for the great event, the wise men of Chancery Lane conceived and formulated what they called the Olympic "A" Plan. Briefly, the Plan was to pick a number of "possibles" and to coach them intensively up to international standard.

The job of getting the Plan going fell on the shoulders of Jack Crump, Olympic Team Manager. Crump is a busy man, used to gazing at a skyscraper pile of paper work on his desk. Maybe his hollow cheeks and sad expression come from the task of finding and handling two hundred selected "possibles," arranging for coaches, and even for food parcels to tone them up a bit.

Man Behind the Plan

It is work that would daunt an athlete—and Crump, sunk in his chair, gaunt and swarthy, admits that he never really was one. Early in his career a football injury stopped his walking for the London Vidarians Club. An efficient administrator, he represented his club on the Surrey County A.A.A. and eventually graduated to Chancery Lane. Although the Olympic "A" Plan makes heavy demands on him, Crump has his living to make, editing a motor trade periodical.

Until lately our athletes have had to be content with a rather haphazard coaching system. In this country few schools concentrate on teaching athletics. Even at British universities it is rare to find a professional athletics coach. Mostly the job is done by old "blues."

In America, as well as Scandinavia, there has been for many years a coaching profession, with its members properly qualified in physical education, and well paid. Our Olympic "A" planners couldn't, in eighteen months, hope to create anything on the same lines, but there was a feasible compromise. It meant building up an organization out of existing honorary coaches, and standardizing their methods, in line with the latest scientific opinion.

In particular one man was picked for the job. He was G. H. D. Dyson, the

A.A.A.'s first full-time professional coach. Now thirty-four, an average all-rounder in A.A.A. and county championships before the war, Dyson never really did anything spectacular; he pole vaulted 11 ft. 6 in., high jumped 5 ft. 6½ in., long jumped 22 ft. 8 in., hurdled 120 yards inside fifteen seconds; but he was keen enough to turn this prowess into a respectable profession.

When Loughborough College pioneered, making Physical Education a distinct subject in its curriculum, Dyson became a specialist lecturer in the department and trained most of the present staff. During the war he was an Army P.T. instructor; rose to O.C. of the Army P.T. School, Central Mediterranean Command, and after his release returned to Loughborough. A year later he became Chief Coach in the Olympic Plan.

Coaching the Coaches

Dyson is now assisted by two more professionals, and a third will join in October. Their job primarily amounts to coaching coaches; in fourteen months Dyson himself has visited and lectured in over one hundred towns, building up the nucleus of honorary coaches upon whom the whole organization depends.

So far there are 159 honorary coaches on the official Olympic Plan list. Among them are Harold Abrahams, J. C. McPhail, K. S. Duncan, A. A. Gold, A. L. Milligan, S. R. West and S. A. Tomlin—names which athletes pronounce with respect.

Stan Tomlin (now forty-three) still has the slim build of a runner. He represented England every year from 1928 to 1931, and won the British Empire Three-Mile Championship in 1930. This year he is responsible for coaching three of our middle distance runners, Stan Cox (Southgate Harriers), Dennis Evers (Finchley Harriers) and H. Aston of Shaftesbury Harriers.

Tomlin's coaching is based on his own experience.

He lays down no hard-and-fast rules. He believes coaching methods have to be adapted to the individual. "An athlete," he says, "can't be driven; he must learn to drive himself."

Among other "possibles" is nineteen-year-old Maureen Gardner, who may be the first British woman to win an Olympic

event. Maureen's home is in Oxford. At six she wanted to be a ballerina, and when she was old enough her parents sent her to a ballet school in London. By the time she was sixteen she had passed her examinations, and soon after set up as a teacher herself with fifty pupils and her own school of dancing in Oxford.

To keep slim and fit, Maureen took up athletics and was surprised to find hardly anyone who could touch her. Early last year a student brought her a message to the effect that Chief Coach Dyson would be on the track at a certain time and wanted to see her run.

Maureen's hurdling so impressed Dyson that he decided to give her individual tuition. As a rule he is too busy with the A.A.A. Plan as a whole to do this.

At first Dyson made her practise five days a week; three days doing mile jogs and the other two perfecting her hurdling technique. Now she has wind and style, she works only twice a week at building up speed.

Romance Enters In

Last March Maureen brought the British record for the eighty-metre hurdles down from 11.8 seconds to 11.5 seconds. This is only one fifth of a second away from the world record.

Her association with Dyson's coaching has introduced a first note of romance into this year's Olympics.

When the Games are over, Maureen and Dyson start preparations for their wedding in September.

In spite of many things, Crump is optimistic about our Olympic results. We have Alan Paterson who has just jumped 6 ft. 7½ in.

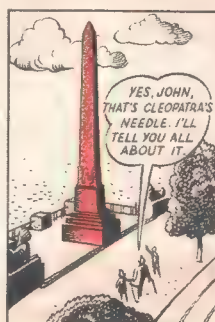
Our best sprinters are McDonald Bailey, the Trinidadian, John Wilkinson and Jack Gregory, and we might even win again the men's 4 x 400-metres relay. In Jack Holden we have a pretty good chance for the marathon, a road run of 26 miles 385 yards, though he was beaten last year in Czechoslovakia by C. Hierend of Luxembourg. We have the best walkers and may win both walks of 10,000 metres and 50,000 metres with Churcher and Whitlock, brother of the Olympic winner in 1936.

Apart from Maureen Gardner, we have hopes for Dora Gardner (no relation), who has high jumped 5 ft. 4 in.; last time the event was won at 5 ft. 3 in. Winifred Jordan looks like a good steady for 100 metres, and Sylvia Cheeseman might place in the 200 metres.

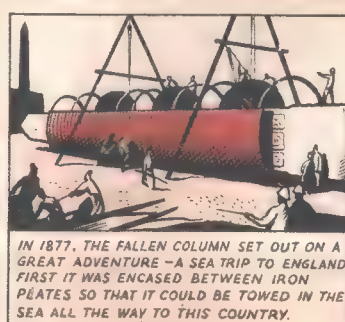
"On the whole our chances this year are brighter than they have ever been," is Crump's summing up.

Belated though it is, it looks as though the Olympic "A" Plan is beginning to blossom, but it won't be before 1952 that we are likely to see much of its fruit.

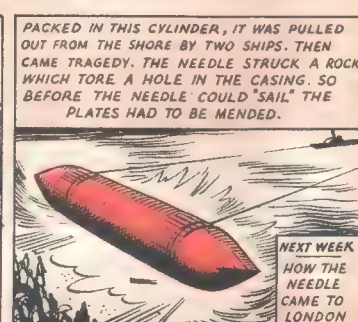
UNCLE ANDY



TODAY CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE STANDS ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT—BUT THE STORIES IT COULD TELL! NEARLY 2,000 YEARS AGO, TWO FINE COLUMNS WERE PUT UP IN THE SANDS IN ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, IN FRONT OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR'S PALACE. ONE COLUMN, CALLED CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, FELL DOWN ABOUT 350 YEARS AGO.



IN 1877, THE FALLEN COLUMN SET OUT ON A GREAT ADVENTURE—A SEA TRIP TO ENGLAND. FIRST IT WAS ENCASED BETWEEN IRON PLATES SO THAT IT COULD BE TOWED IN THE SEA ALL THE WAY TO THIS COUNTRY.



PACKED IN THIS CYLINDER, IT WAS PULLED OUT FROM THE SHORE BY TWO SHIPS. THEN CAME TRAGEDY. THE NEEDLE STRUCK A ROCK, WHICH TORE A HOLE IN THE CASING. SO BEFORE THE NEEDLE COULD 'SAIL' THE PLATES HAD TO BE MENDED.

NEXT WEEK HOW THE NEEDLE CAME TO LONDON

Cleopatra's Needle

an armful of wasps

by GLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

So long as he kept away from the whisky, Wilkens was a quiet little man. When he didn't, things began to buzz.

DISTANT RELATIONS had settled Mr. Wilkens in Rant. Second and third cousins who could not be bothered with an old man. Yet hoping that one day the care and the love said so well in the letters would bring the reward in a remembered will. They had put Wilkens in the keeping of young Mrs. Prys, whose husband had died sudden and tragically of some strange germ got from a blancmange. One day he had been fine and healthy and working all day spreading manure. The next he had gone all swollen, and coming back from the funeral Mrs. Prys had decided to take in lodgers for an honest living.

Wilkens was the lodger. Coming straight from the home where they had cured him of the alcohol, to the little red cottage up the narrow green lane with the damson trees on either side.

Coming there off the four train, his hands all of a quiver and not having the strength in him to carry his case. For in the home, in the curing, they had taken away his craving, but left in its place an awful emptiness. That and a loss of strength so that all movement was a nuisance and getting out of bed in the morning was like some clambering into the grave.

His name had come before him, Mrs. Prys having been told in advance of the craving and cure and how once Wilkens had drunk half a bottle of whisky each day. But that is all over now, they said. All over and done with and you will have no trouble. He is like some lamb, is uncle. He can pass a pub like a T.T. though there are no pubs in Rant.

Mrs. Prys took on the instant to Wilkens. A pathetic, shaky old man, half afraid to ask for hot water for shaving or to be knocked in the morning. Why, he is like one from some concentration camp, she had told her sister, looking at me as if I am some keeper.

It was the third morning he had come downstairs with a scissors in his hand. Clapping it slowly together and looking longingly at the edges as they ground one against the other. Pausing at the bottom of the stairs and letting the scissors dangle from the crook of his little finger.

Mrs. Prys making the porridge, stirring it with a big wooden spoon, tapping the edge of the saucepan and letting the stuff dribble down from the end of the spoon as she tested the thickness.

Mr. Wilkens calling out to her:

"Mrs. Prys, good morning."

She had swung round on the instant, the spoon still in her hand and the

porridge dribbling on the floor in big awkward tears.

"Why, Mr. Wilkens, I did not hear you coming—"

Then, seeing the scissors bright in the morning sunlight:

"—and why, now, what are you doing with scissors at this time of the day?"

In his slow sad way, Mr. Wilkens raised his arm and curved up his hand from the wrist, unhooking the scissors and threading it through his thumb and first finger. Clicking and then holding open, cleaning his long, tapering fingernails on the fine points.

"Ah, yes, it is rather early. But every few days I have to do a little job with a scissors."

"A job, every few days with a scissors?"

Mrs. Prys turned back to the bubbling saucepan and looking over her shoulder to Mr. Wilkens as he stood there on the first step of the stairs.

"Yes, it is my eyebrows. They grow so very fast, Mrs. Prys, so very fast. Could you cut them for me?"

ASUDDEN determination came to Mrs. Prys then. That a line must be drawn for what she did for thirty shillings a week. Cooking and cleaning and looking after his wants and keeping him from the drink. But personal things such as this cutting of the eyebrows, no.

To emphasize her words, she banged the wooden spoon on the edge of the hob.

"Not I, Mr. Wilkens. 'Tis not my job to do this. Go to Price the Barber, I say. He is the man to do that. It is his job. Besides, today I have no time. Today is the Bazaar."

"The Bazaar, Mrs. Prys?"

"Yes, the Church Sale of Work and the Bazaar. I am in charge of the Bran Tub and I must be there early to see to it."

He turned then and went back up the stairs. Moving slowly from step to step and the scissors hanging quiet in his hand. And when he came down to breakfast, he only spoke to her once. And that was to ask the way to Price the Barber.

The Church Bazaar and Sale of Work was held each year in Rant Village Hall. A thing held now for the last ten years and aimed at raising eventually one thousand pounds for the new heating apparatus for the church. A cold,

The vicar ran round like a dog on a chain, the wasps after him. Mrs. Prys leaped up the steps



CLIXBY
WATSON

draughty place, Rant Church, and seemed designed to fill the churchyard by means of pneumonia and pleurisy. Rare that any vicar lived over sixty and those that did ended their days in bathchairs.

But the new vicar coming ten years ago had been a man with a love of life. Used to chasing over hurdles at college. So that he determined to defeat the cold and the damp of the church with a brand-new heating apparatus.

Even in his first sermon he had waved his hairy hands around at all the fancy stained glass memorial windows, saying that better it was to be remembered with comfort than with fancy glass. That if any of the congregation had decided to leave money to the church, he would spend it on the heating system. And that a brass memorial plate would be put, bright and everlasting, on a radiator.

He had borrowed the money, installed the heating system. And now, every Sunday, the Rant Parish Church was as cosy as the cinemas in town twelve miles away in England.

But there had been the debt. An outstanding debt and for ten years they had sought to clear it off with the Bazaars. But still quite a sum left, and this year the vicar had called for a special effort.

So it was this year that the Sale of Work and Bazaar was even more mighty an effort than usual. The stalls full of second-hand goods from every spare room in the parish. Clothes and little items of furniture, and the vicar's wife had even given an old vacuum cleaner to be auctioned with the surplus goods at the end of the day.

And Mrs. Prys with her Bran Tub, surely one of the largest ever used. An old vat from the disused brewery at one end of Rant. This filled with sawdust and the small packages of gifts strewn about in all this. But to make the affair novel and on a profitable basis, the vicar had arranged a novelty. The vat so huge that the dippers had to climb a step ladder and stand on a plank laid across the vat. Then they were given an old garden rake and allowed one haul from the depths of the sawdust. One rake and no more for twopence.

Now it was the end of the day and a little quietness in the hall, all waiting for the auction to start. For there was a lot left unsold and the vacuum cleaner in particular to be sold.

Mrs. Prys had had a good day of it, most of the goods having been raked up from the sawdust. An uneventful day, too, with the only excitement when that boy of the Post Office had fallen off the plank into the sawdust and had come out shaking like some dog out of water.

Now the auction. The vicar drawing a table to the centre of the hall, then testing the legs and climbing on to it, holding in his hand an old curtain rod, like some magic wand. The people gathering round the table, the churchwardens handing up the unsold goods for auction. The vicar tapping the edge of the table and the talking dying away.

"Well, dear people, we have had a

good day, much money has been raised and I think that we shall almost clear the debt for good and all today.

"And now we will sell what's left. Starting, I think, with this vacuum cleaner which my good wife has so kindly given to the cause."

Clapping then and the churchwardens bringing through the flat old-fashioned cleaner, like some precious casket. One unwinding the flex and taking it away to a power-point on the side of the hall.

Little murmurs as the cleaner was laid on the table. Some of the nearest women putting out their hands and stroking gently the chromium and leather body.

"A beauty," called the vicar. "A real beauty and in perfect condition. Switch on, Mr. Jelks."

A buzz and a hum, the vicar with a happy smile on his face as he lifted up the nozzle and put it to his face. A rash thing to do for the next thing it untucked the sober black cloth lying in front of his collar, drawing in the end of it into the flat nozzle. Sending little billows through the rest of the cloth up to the white starched collar. The vicar looking a little cross at first and then giving a little smile. Remembering to keep his head and calling to the churchwarden by the switch.

"Off, please, what a nasty little accident."

The hum died away to a whirr and the vicar tried to pull out the cloth from the nozzle. But it was jammed tight.

A FEW more people were coming in now, for there were often bargains at the end of the Sale. Looking in through the double doors of the hall. Then seeing the vicar with the nozzle against his chest, asking people on the outside of the crowd what the new vicar was doing? And tittering when they were told it was an accident.

Indeed an accident. For the cloth was very tight in the nozzle. By now the vicar's wife was up on the platform and she struggled to free the cloth. Pulling with her hands and then stopping suddenly, bending down and turning some switch underneath the body of the cleaner. The vicar turning his head to all the people with a benevolent nod to explain.

"She will reverse the machine to blow out the cloth."

All expected something to happen then. The crowd coming in closer.

The vicar calling to the man by the switch.

"Switch on again, will you, please?"

There at the switch, they must have feared something, for the vicar had to call again.

"Please switch on again, will you?"

A click of the switch in the silence, and all the people waiting. Then a tremendous whirr and a high-pitched hum from the vacuum cleaner and in one place on the long flexible pipe a swelling in a weak spot. The vicar still holding the nozzle of the pipe very daintily in his hand, the black cloth still very fast.

His wife pointed to the swelling and above the noise they could hear her calling:

"Tug out the cloth, Albert." The

vicar pulled and shook his head, at the same time calling: "Switch off, please, quickly."

But there was no switching off. For at that moment Mr. Wilkens came in. An extra spectator would have meant nothing to the crowd that was there in Rant Village Hall. But it was not Wilkens himself but what he brought with him that caused the commotion.

For in his one arm Wilkens had the round, yellow whiteness of a large wasps' nest. Freshly dug out and with some of the earth still on the outside of it. The wasps as well, hundreds of them. Whirling round and in and out of the paper nest. In their hundreds on his face and hands and crawling over his clothes. And a great hum louder even than that from the table in the centre of the hall.

It was lucky that Rant Village Hall had an emergency exit, or there would have been injuries of the first order in the hall that evening. Even as it was, it was bad enough.

The whole crowd of people making a rush for the stage, having to climb over this first before getting to the emergency exit. All of them scrambling with their purchases, crushing out through the emergency door, and not stopping running until they had reached the middle of the field beyond.

Three people were left in Rant Village Hall. Wilkens still with the bundle of the wasps' nest in his hands, he standing only just inside the hall. The vicar off the table now and running round like some dog on the end of a chain. He still held by his black cravat to the end of the pipe. The weak spot in it now like some balloon, the tight rubber pulsating a little.

One other person still in the hall. Mrs. Prys. A first feeling of fright giving way to worry for her lodger and what had come over him. He, who she had left safely at ten this morning with his dinner all laid out for him. He here now with a wasps' nest of all things in his hands. His shaking hands, too, using the nest as some sort of rattle to get the very last angry wasp out into the open.

Mrs. Prys had stared a moment and then a sudden fierce pain in the side of her ear told her that they were starting on her. With a leap she threw a carpet from the auction over the top of the vat, then quickly climbed the steps, using her hands as a windmill to keep away the wasps. A leap down on to the sawdust and then drawing the carpet over her as a roof against the wasps.

There in the safety and the blackness of the inside of the tub she waited and listened. The first thing she heard was a small explosion. Carefully raising the carpet, she looked through.

A long rent in the tube of the vacuum cleaner. Even as she watched she could see the big strong hands of the vicar reaching out for the rent. A tear across and he was free, the nozzle and a couple of feet of rubber pipe still dangling from the crumpled end of his black cloth. Then the vicar running, not that he got away easily, for the long, trailing flex of the vacuum cleaner caught him, hooking him over between two of the

stalls. And the last she saw of him was the way he limped through the emergency door.

Now Mrs. Prys looked the other way. Up to where Mr. Wilkens still stood.

From the vat she called to him: "Mr. Wilkens, Mr. Wilkens, whatever have you done?"

He looked round the hall trying to see her. And the moment he answered her, she knew he was drunk.

"Where is my Mrs. Prys?" "Never you mind where I am. What have you been doing? You are drunk. From where did you get the drink?"

He threw away the paper ball of the nest, then sat down on a bench against the one wall.

"I went on the bus into the town to get it."

"But why?" "I was lonely."

A guilt came to her at leaving the man who paid thirty shillings a week and had to get his own dinner.

"But it was only one day, Mr. Wilkens, one day in a whole year that I will leave you. And you went to the pub?"

"I was afraid that you would be vexed with me. When they sent me to Rant they told me that it would vex you terribly if I drank ever again."

"That's true."

"And so I have brought you a present for the Bazaar. A wasp's nest for you to sell. Like a real Chinese lantern almost."

Tenderness came to her then. For her Mr. Wilkens there on the brown bench with the wasps crawling all around him. "Oh thank you, Mr. Wilkens. But where did you get it from? And why did the wasps not sting you?"

"Oh, I got it from by the station. The wasps stung me but I cannot feel a thing with all the whisky in me. I am saturated, Mrs. Prys, saturated."

And with that, he laid himself along the bench and went to sleep.

It was a lot of trouble before she woke Wilkens again and led him home, the crowd now outside the hall opening quietly to let the two of them through.

Once home she bathed all the stings with weak ammonia and rubbed cut onion and a bag of washing blue on the swellings. Sent him to bed and took him a cup of tea. He smiling at her awkwardly through swollen lips and fingering the blue patches on his cheeks.

She patted his grey head and tucked the bedclothes high around his neck.

"There, now, go to sleep."

Two days later Mr. Wilkens was right again.

The whole of Rant was touched by the story. And the vicar came one day and he and Mr. Wilkens apologized the one to the other.

Mrs. Prys, listening to the two of them, smiled. And then she told the vicar:

"We'll have some honey for the next year's Bazaar."

"Honey, Mrs. Prys?"

"I'll have a honey stall for my Mr. Wilkens here is going in for the bees."

"But the stings?" "Oh, Vicar, I'll buy him a proper net to put over his face. Better that than have a time like the other day."

"Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Prys, but for the ending it was a lovely Bazaar."

With that he reached for his hat and was gone. And Mr. Wilkens, with the faint marks of the blue still on his face, looked up at Mrs. Prys.

"Why did you not tell him, Maggie?"

"Time enough, time enough. Let the gossip die down. If we said now, the village would imagine, the scandal of my having put you to bed with all the stings. With time they will accept the truth, Fred, of how you found your way to my heart with your silly armful of wasps."

OH, JOHNNY!



by TIM

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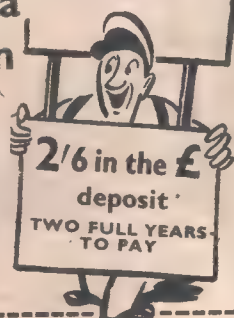
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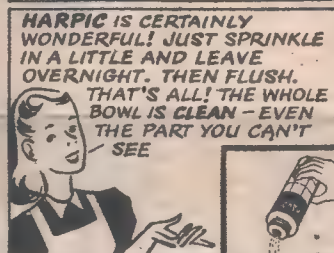
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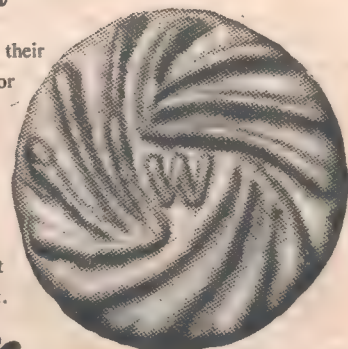


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"O.K. sir—there'll be duty to pay on the nylons and cigars, that's all. Mind if I remark on these shoes, sir—bet it's a KIWI shine . . . ?"

"Yes, indeed. And I've KIWI to thank for their fine condition, too—even though they're years old."

"Years 'young,' I should say, sir. There's nothing like KIWI for keeping leather soft and pliable."

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satisfy good appetites with fish roast

2 lb. middle cut of cod, 8 oz. onions, 1 oz. fat or dripping, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper. Tomatoes can be used instead of onions.

Remove any fins and make about four shallow slashes across the back of the fish. Cut one of the onions into thick slices and place one of these in each slash. Dot the fish with fat or dripping, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put into a baking tin. Put the rest of the onions round the fish and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour until the fish is cooked. Baste once or twice during cooking.



other main meals with fish



OVEN-FRIED FISH 1 level tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, pinch of grated nutmeg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fillet of fish, cut in pieces, browned breadcrumbs. Blend flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg with the milk. Dip the pieces of fish in this and then roll in browned crumbs. Arrange the fish in a well-greased pie-dish and cover with greased paper. Bake in a hot oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Note.—The fish can be sprinkled with salt and pepper and coated in breadcrumbs only. If it can be spared, up to 1 oz. cooking fat or dripping can be heated in the pie-dish before adding the fish.

BAKED STUFFED FISH 2 small haddock or whiting (about 1 lb. each), 6 oz. stale bread or crusts, soaked and squeezed, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 level tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 level teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon pepper, 1 level tablespoon browned breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dripping or cooking fat.

Clean fish, leave head and tail on. Beat bread with fork until smooth, add to parsley, herbs, onion and seasoning. Stuff fish with some of mixture; sew up with needle and coarse cotton; skewer into letter S form. Place in a baking tin, sprinkle with crumbs, dot with dripping. Arrange remainder of stuffing in balls round fish. Bake in moderate oven 15-20 mins. Remove skewers and thread.



Where there's Fish there's a Good Meal

THE NIGHT OF THE FLOOD:

Continued from page 9

youth, Alf Sewell, from Hayward's beet fields. Ned stared at him, then turned suddenly to grab one of the shovels lying against the empty sacks.

"You and who else?" jeered Alf.

"I'm telling you, Ned," pleaded old Barnes, "'tis impossible. A man would never stand on that top, you nor nobody. And maybe the bank's breaching downstream, too, for all we know, and we'll be caught here like rats. Best get home and take the women out to safety."

Ned made no answer. He stood with his shovel half raised, facing Alf Sewell; and Alf doubtful, but still defiant.

Then suddenly a little man pushed past them and seized a shovel and sack.

"Come on, let's have a go," he shouted cheerfully. "Up on top with you, Mr. Lyng."

It was Dunn, the town-bred stranger, the man whose wife was even now with Edie in the lamp-lit room. Ned slowly lowered his shovel. Old Barnes hesitated a moment, then crossed to join Dunn.

"Give us a hand with this sack, Alf," shouted Dunn. The youth paused, then sullenly slouched across to him. "Now, up you go, Mr. Lyng."

Ned scrambled back up the bank. He was glad to take the force of the gale as he pulled himself over the top, glad of the gusts that tore at his body, the waves that swamped him; he had the odd fancy that they washed away that little angry scene below.

He concentrated on holding firm. There was a wire fence that ran over the bank at this point, with concrete posts upon which he could get a good grip.

THE first bag came up to him, hoisted by hand from below, heavy as a young pig. He crooked a leg round the concrete post and heaved the bag up, oblivious of the pain in his left arm. Slowly he shoved it forward and dropped it into the edge of the breach. At once the water caught it and began moving it towards the edge; another foot, and it would be gone. He flung himself bodily upon it, gasping and blowing as a wave broke over him. He gripped the bag between his belly and his arms. The wave passed. The bag was still there.

From behind he heard a shout. A head was peering over the top, another bag ready. Ned took a second wave, then rapidly swivelled, got to his knees on the first bag, reached forward and heaved the new one towards him. He did not hear what the man was shouting, but just grunted in reply, working the second bag into place on the first, ducking and gripping with each wave.

From then on he worked automatically, for minutes, for hours—for years, it seemed. He had no idea for how long. Gradually he built a wall of bags from the near end of the break; slowly he enlarged it. The water seemed at first to pour the faster through the narrowing gap, but the bags held firm.

After a time another man came up on top, to crouch by the concrete post and pass the bags along to him; and he clinging to the breastwork he was building, astride of it, drenched by the recurrent waves. His face was frozen into a set grimness, his eyeballs in anguish with the water as though they had been whipped with tiny rods. His right hand was torn and aching. His left arm, the injured one, was anaesthetized with pain, but still it gripped at the bags as they came up one by one. He had to take them into the crook of that arm, for the fingers would no longer grasp.

But his brain was detached and clear. It contained no thought of the men behind him, none of Edie in the lamp-light. It concentrated singly on the building of his rampart, the interlocking

Continued on next page

As I was saying . . . by Herbert Hodge

When the Bosses Make Mistakes

LAST WEEK, WHEN DISCUSSING some of the problems of our nationalised industries, I said that the only way a chap can keep his mind clear on the subject, amid the conflicting propaganda, is to decide what he'd do about it himself if he were in charge.

I think the purely technical problems of each industry are comparatively straightforward. In any case, they're problems for the technical experts. The difficult problem (and, it seems to me, the least understood problem) is the human one—the problem of men working together. That's the one I propose to tackle.

In any large industry, whether privately or nationally owned, there are three main groups of people. There's the directors at the top, then the managers and technical staff; and then, at the bottom, the "hands"—the men and women who do the "work."

It's obvious that we can't hope to succeed without having the right men at the top. So that's our first problem.

Like a good many Socialists, I've been disappointed at the enormous salaries offered to the bosses of our nationalised industries. It isn't what I expected. I hoped we were going to work on a more idealistic basis.

However, we're told that it's impossible to find enough capable and experienced men with sufficient devotion to the Socialist ideal or sufficient interest in the job itself to undertake these jobs for less money.

If that's the case, we'd be fools to quibble about a few thousands more or less, especially as so much of it will come back to the Government in income tax. On a plain cash basis, these men are worth any price they like to ask—*provided they deliver the goods.*

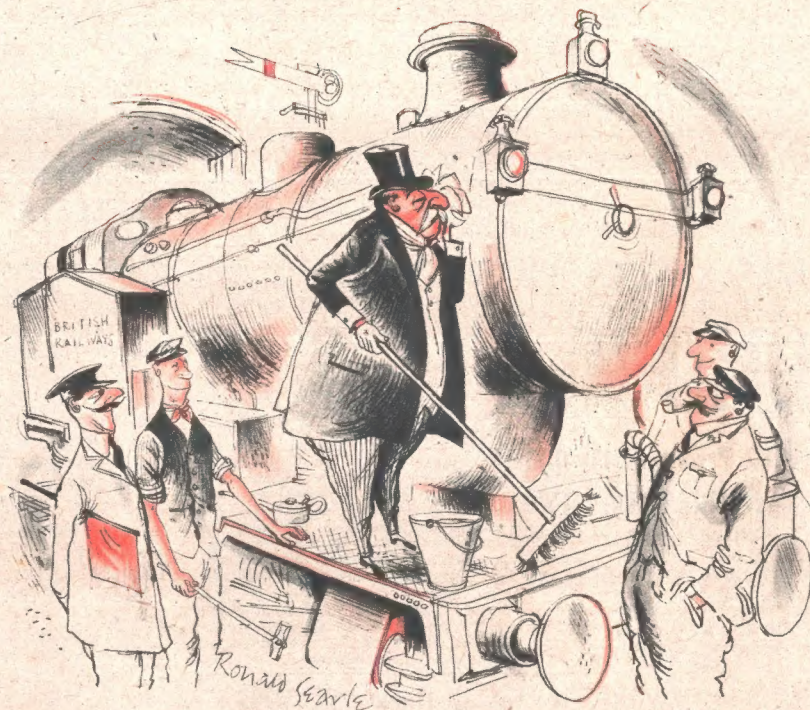
Oriental Kings Had a Way

But it seems to me we've got to be very careful not to get our Capitalistic cash deal mixed up with our Socialistic sentiment. If we're going into business, we've got to be businesslike. And if a man requires such a high reward from us for his promise to deliver the goods, I think we're entitled to require a heavy penalty from him if he fails.

In matters like this, there's a lot to be said for the "either-or" methods of the old Oriental kings: "Half my kingdom and the pick of my beautiful daughters—if you succeed. But if you fail. . . ." Then the band begins to play, heralding a march past of the royal torturers, with full equipment. This leaves the chap in no doubt that he's taken on a really strenuous job.

Even in these enlightened days, we still consider it necessary to punish an ordinary transport worker who, by his failure or neglect, injures a single passenger or pedestrian. Surely, then, it is at least equally necessary to punish a transport director who, by his failure, injures a large number of the community.

In the days when we were seriously



How about directors who fail being sentenced to engine cleaning?

setting out to build up an efficient British Navy, we didn't hesitate to shoot an admiral for failing in a single battle. The director who makes a mess of a nationalised industry has let us all in for something far worse than a lost battle.

Shooting an inefficient director, perhaps, is a bit of a waste. But how would it be if the failed railway director were sentenced to a few years engine cleaning, the failed bus director to bus washing, or the coal board failure to an unskilled job underground—if there is one down there?

So long as we offer the directors of our nationalised industries the prospect of personal ease and comfort, whether they succeed or fail, it seems to me we're encouraging them to take things far too easily for the country's good.

It's all very well to say that such great men ought to be far above the threat of the big stick. But if they're too noble to be driven by the big stick; why do we have to coax them into our service with such a fat carrot? It seems to me the stick and the carrot go together. They're on the same mental level. The man who needs a large material reward to persuade him to do his best is usually the man who needs an equally large threat to frighten him from doing his worst.

I think, too, that this kind of proposition, poised between great personal reward and great personal risk, is just the kind to attract the type of man we need at the moment—the pioneering, adventurous type.

There's No Going Back

Whether we like it or not, we're all committed to this great adventure of nationalisation. We can no more draw back from it now, and decide to return to the old way, than a man walking across Niagara Falls on a tightrope can change his mind halfway and telephone for a taxi.

There are only two possibilities open to us. We can either keep on and win, or fall off and die. Which, I think, is exactly as it should be. It's the sort of situation that makes life worth living—far more exciting than the dogs or

the pools, or any other artificial gamble we could invent.

And for that very reason I doubt whether the present "cushy" terms offered to the directors of our nationalised industries are really what is needed to attract the right men for the job. In my more pessimistic moments, I sometimes wonder if they're not the sort of terms that will attract precisely the wrong type of man—the man who had found a comfortable armchair for himself in the old system, and hopes that the new system will provide him with similar comfort.

This Would be Fatal

Our greatest danger at the moment, as I see it, is our tendency to hover and hesitate, in the hope of hanging on to the comforts of the old Capitalism while reaching out toward the promise of the new Socialism. It can't be done. And if too many of us try to do it, we shall find ourselves bogged down in what James Burnham has called "The Managerial Society"—an industrial system which combines the worst of Socialism with the worst of Capitalism, whatever its political label.

In the managerial society, a handful of state managers live in a kind of Socialist heaven. But the ordinary workers, the great majority, are chained down in a worse than Capitalist hell—worse, because management is organized to such a pitch of deadly efficiency that there are no longer any forgotten cracks or mouseholes through which a chap can hope to escape.

Charlie Chaplin gave us a glimpse of it in *Modern Times*—where, as a factory worker, he slips off to the lavatory and is just about to light up his carefully saved fag-end when the manager's face appears ten times life-size in a huge television screen on the wall, and sternly orders him back to work.

I feel we could so easily drift into that; and from the best motives. You couldn't entirely blame the management. Part of the trouble is the number of workers who seem to be asking for it, too. But the workers' end of the problem calls for another article.

GIANT FIRST AND SIX SWISS HOLIDAYS!

WITH this week's holiday winners JOHN BULL announces today three separate opportunities for you to capture a big cheque and a free holiday in Switzerland for two.

Picture yourself and a companion in gay Lucerne, enjoying good Swiss food in a luxury hotel beside the lake, revelling in the view of snow-capped Alps. Imagine the thrills of your 138-mile coach tour over the mountains to the Rhône Glacier.

Today Lucerne may be for you no more than a picture in a paper. But make good use of your coupon below and soon, after banking your *Bullets* cheque, you may be seeing for yourself the wonders of Switzerland.

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1,500 "Good Shots"

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value is. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Job For Britannia
In Life's Test
Threat To Peace
Safety First, So
Foolish Man
The Mailed Fist
Nowhere
More Healthy
To Sell The Goods
A Marvel
What The Judge Said
Holiday Hero
Might Be Better
Isn't Everything

Why He's Emigrating
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Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions
Rules The.....
Day We.....
"Who..... That?"
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To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 17, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

STICK 2d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 17 containing **FINAL SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER**

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EXAMPLE

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Fee for 8 efforts, 2s.—extra efforts may be entered on plain paper.

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FIRST PRIZE, £750 plus Swiss Holiday: D. Desmond, Theatre Royal, St. Helens, Lancs:

IT'S HEARTBREAKING, BUT KEEP "HEART"—"BREAK" COMING!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: J. Caton, 334 Otley Road, Undercliffe, Bradford: HUMAN WRECK—WARNING DRIFTING WORLD, FRITZ.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: R. M. Selway, St. Denys, 10 Imperial Street, Exeter: PLEASURE TO WATCH—CORN WAVING—GOODBYE, UNITS!

TEN PRIZES of £5: C. Barker, Leadenham, Lincoln: CAREFREE HOLIDAY—UNTIL MISSUS VISITED PALMIST! J. C. Bell, 52 Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh, 11: AMERICAN TOURIST—SEEING BRITAIN "IN HURRY." C. R. Davenport, 134 Brampton Road, St. Albans: LEFT NO GATE—OPEN—HIKER BULL CHASED! Mrs. M. H. Holmes, Post Office, Gilstead, Bingley: WHEN I RETIRE—"HIP, HIP—" THEN PIP? C. F.

Martin, 56 Bowman Street, Carlisle: AMERICAN TOURIST—TASTING SNOEK—DOUBLING AID! F. Noble, Great Cliff, Crigglestone, near Wakefield: LEFT NO WILL—GRANDPA—ALWAYS ENJOYED ROW! J. H. Norvill, West Felton, Oswestry: IN DAD'S GARDEN—"SERPENT"—AT OPENING TIME! L. Pilkington, 17 Manor Road, Luton: IF THE TRUTH'S KNOWN—TURPIN RODE FRENCH HORSE! D. L. Samuel, 44 Lamas Street, Carmarthen: WHEN I RETIRE—THANKFUL BEVERIDGE MADE "CONTRIBUTION." D. Yorke, 4 School Street, Radcliffe, near Manchester: WHEN I RETIRE—"CYCLE" COMPLETE—ERRAND-BOY AGAIN! TWENTY PRIZES of £1 1s. 5d. *Bullets* Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted. Holidays arranged by Cook's.

£100 AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 584

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 2. Fatter. 5. Boots. 9. Odes. 10. Clash. 11. Law. 14. Night. 15. Cellar. **DOWN:** 1. Bound. 3. Tip. 4. Rider. 6. Toes. 7. Smell. 8. Coal. 12. Acid. 13. Peer. **WINNER of £100 and Seaside Holiday for Two:** F. S. Bell, 158 Duston Road, St. James's, Northampton. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between ten entrants.

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★ SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over

THIS WAY TO WIN.

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues

- Seeing such a shade would leave most people sceptical
- He who runs fast may
- Working with one is often apt to make you stiff
- Is sometimes ploughed in competition
- Certain kind of these can be raised and lowered
- Is very often the reverse of hot
- You're not likely to feel stiff for long after this
- Most of us find it not so easy to sleep in one

Down Clues

- Farmer may be occasionally worried by prevalence of
- It's not easy to cross high mountains with this
- Powerful one can sweep a man off his feet
- There's sometimes occasion for putting this on door
- A play includes more than one
- May quite well cause hurrying motorist to travel more slowly
- It's better if mother doesn't give her children this

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY

1	G	H	2	S	T	L	Y	3	
	A	M		I	E		L	D	
4			5	E	A	D		6	O
	E	H		E	N			7	O
	S	H	8	A	D		A	N	D
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10	A	T	E	S		12	C	O	L
	V						A	L	P
	E	M					H	I	C
13	R	A	M	P	588	14	U	N	K

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 17.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

588 Closing Postmark. Signed
 MON. JULY 5
 I enclose P.O. value.... Address
 No.

THE NIGHT OF THE FLOOD:

Continued from previous page

of each bag of clay, the testing of it to take the strain of water.

So the breastwork was nearly across now. He had to go back along the wall of bags for each new one, stepping so carefully not to dislodge the barrier he had built, knowing that one bag sliding beneath him could still hurl him down and release the flood again. And yet not really knowing that, nor anything consciously, save that a dozen more bags would reach the far side.

As these last were passed to him he straightened his back a little, realizing suddenly that the gusts were not so fierce now, the rain less sharp, the waves quieter, the roar from the waterfall silenced. And realizing, too, as he looked around him, that it was dawn.

He put the last bag into place with a feeling of dead triumph, and came back along that slender barrier. He gazed down at the exhausted men in the fen; every minute it grew lighter. He could see a figure approaching on a bicycle, could even make it out to be old Rudge.

Turning, he could see the lake behind the bank, still wild with the wind, but contained now once more by his thin wall of bags. The bank below them, where the cascade had been, was only damp now with little seepings through the cracks between canvas and clay.

Rudge had joined the others and they were talking together, seemingly excited and amused even in their weariness.

Barnes swung round and faced up towards him, grinning.

"Hey, there, Ned lad," he shouted, "you've got a son. Both of them's all right."

Ned stared at him, nursing the elbow he could feel swollen even beneath the thickness of his sodden sleeve.

He stood there for a while, the men below laughing up at him. Then he looked slowly around, at the grey lake of water, the lightening sky, a row of willow trees, the spire of the distant church just showing up through the darkness.

He turned then, and began to edge his way back along the wall of bags.

"Hey, look out," shouted Barnes from below, "don't you go back over that lot. What're you doing now, man?"

Ned paused, looking back over his shoulder. "Left my bike the other side," he explained. "Got to get my bike."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Tax Allowance

A READER THINKS that he should be entitled to income tax allowance for three dependants, but the authorities allow only for one.

"My father receives 12s. a week disablement pay, my mother is not employed and my young brother is still at school. They are all dependant upon my earnings, but the income tax authorities consider that I have only one dependant—my father. Apparently he is responsible for my mother and young brother. Will you tell me if this is correct?"

To be "dependants" for income tax purposes it is necessary that your mother and brother be incapacitated by old age or infirmity, as in the case of your father.

In the case of a child at school, the allowance of £60 a year can be claimed, provided he is in your custody and maintained at your expense. In the circumstances you outline, your young brother cannot be considered "in your custody," and there does not appear to be any way in which you can claim tax relief for him.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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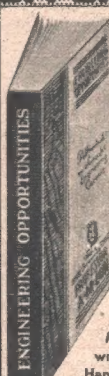
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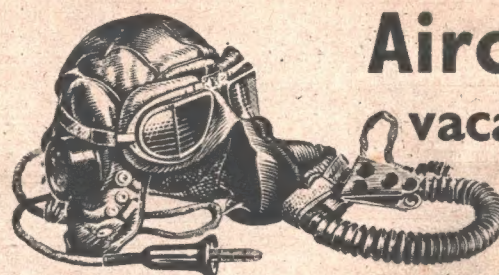
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